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Vol. CCXV.

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SEPTEMBER 12, 1951

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The Sketch

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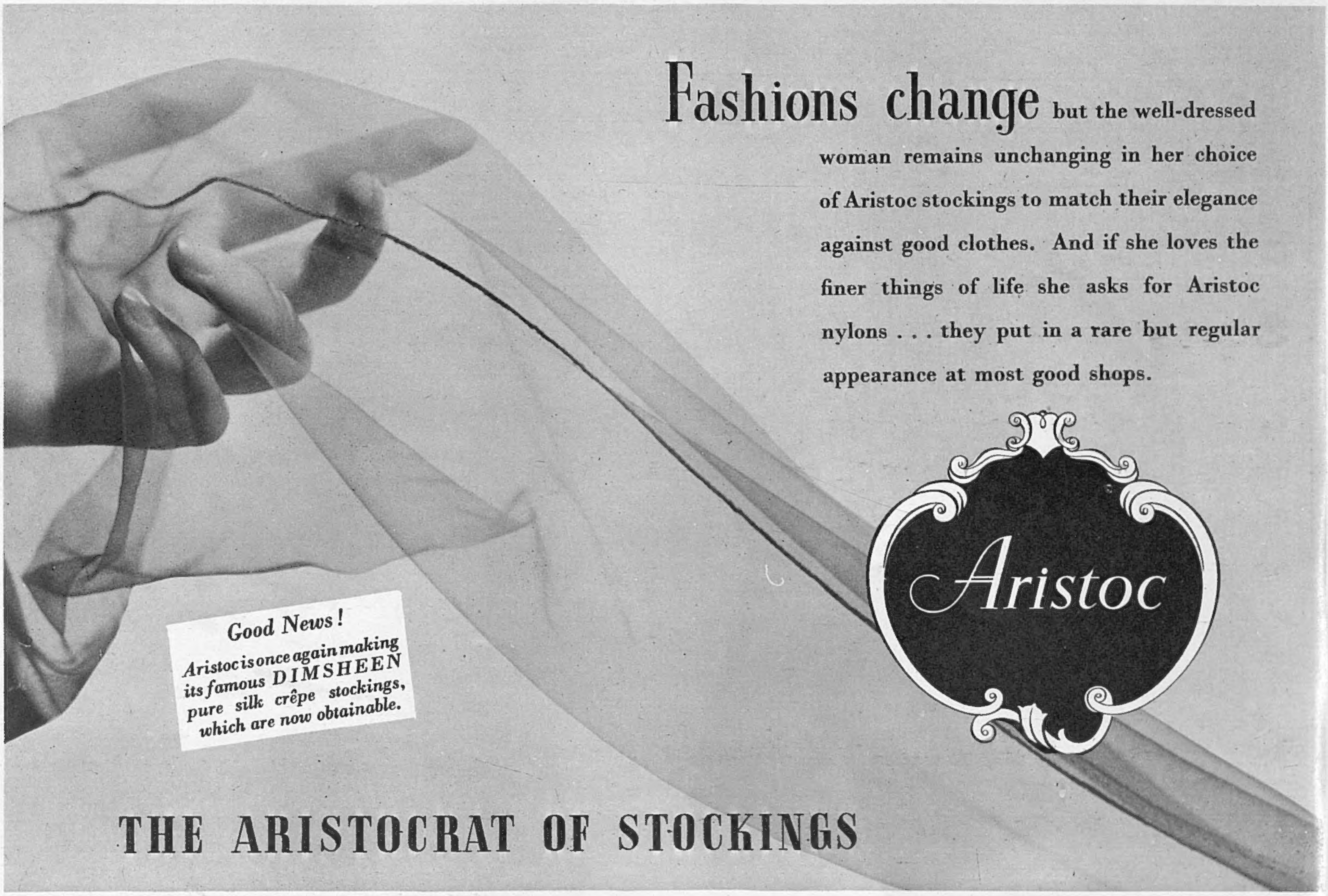
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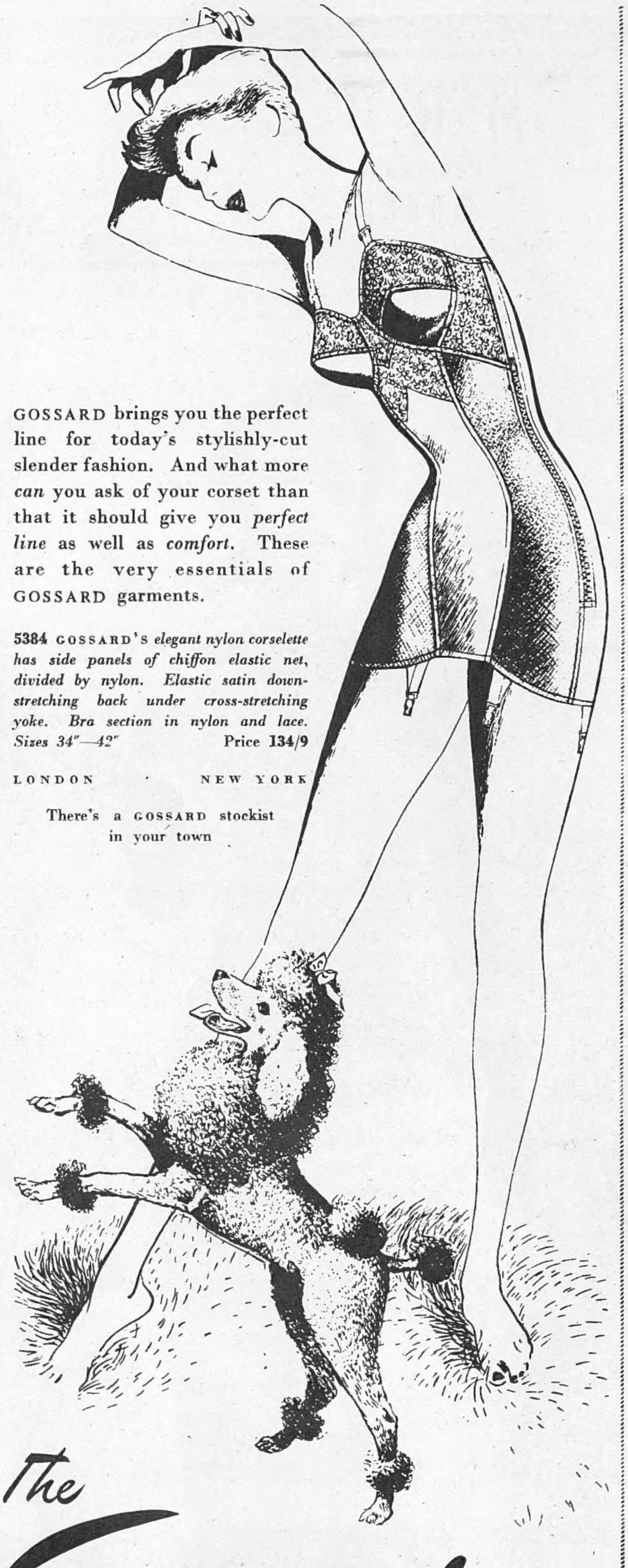

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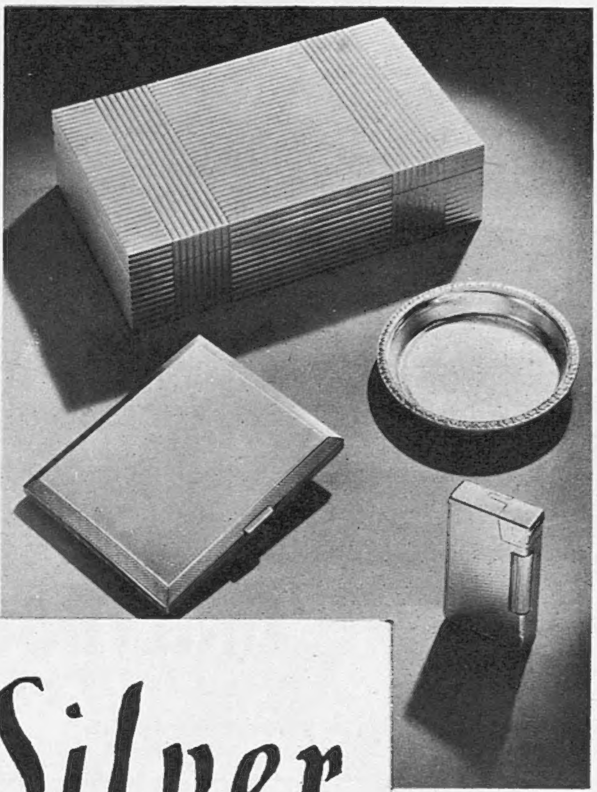

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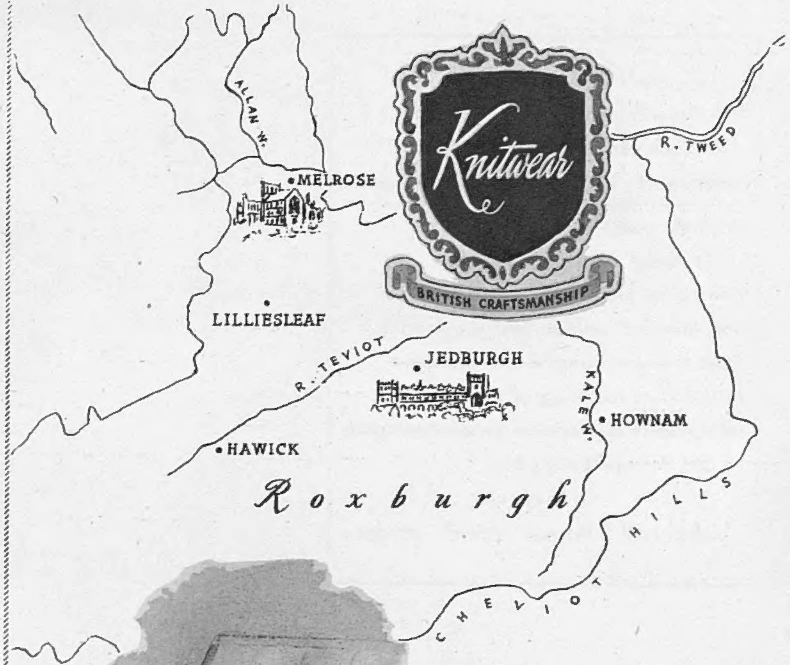

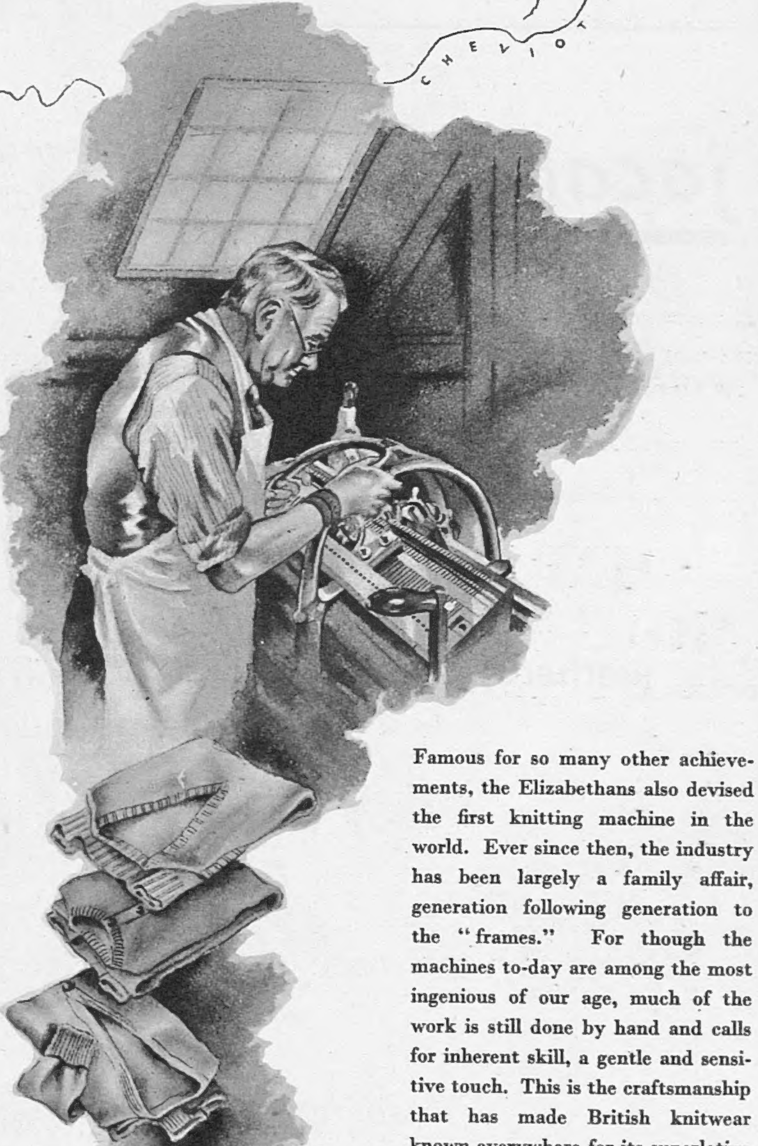

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The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1951

BACKGROUND TO EDINBURGH'S FESTIVAL

In this night scene, taken from Calton Hill and looking over to the Castle enthroned on its Rock, the setting sun leaves its traces on the dramatic clouds, and the city begins to light up. Against this wonderful setting stands out the figure of Edinburgh's Lord Provost, the Rt. Hon. James Miller, robed in his civic ermine (£4,000-worth). He remains in office for three years.

The cosmopolitan flavour of Edinburgh's International Festival of Music and Drama is typified by this picture, in which, from Calton Hill two American visitors, Mr. F. E. van Alstine, Counsellor-at-law of Pocahontas, Iowa, and his wife, surveyed Scotland's capital.

Our Motley Notes

By Toby O'Brien

WHENEVER I think of ski-ing it is curious that the conditions are always perfect. The sun blazes down out of a glorious Alpine sky on six inches of nicely settled powder snow on crust. One is always at the top of one's form, ski-ing with a courage, grace and skill which are the admiration of all beholders in a perfect world where falls are non-existent. I find that this vision is but rarely banished by actuality—starting down reluctantly in a blizzard which is converting yesterday's long-awaited snowfall into a combination of bare rocks, ice and wind-crust, clattering apprehensively down wood paths where the ice is only relieved by patches of earth and tree-roots, to end on lower slopes, where the snow higher up has turned to a gentle, warm rain descending on leg-breaking sludge.

In the same way I remember, between seasons, all that is most attractive about grouse-shooting. The sun always shines with just enough wind to temper its ardours and keep the midges away. The grouse come nicely spaced along the line and in answer to the sporting parson's prayer—"To me, O Lord!—but one at a time." Driving rain and howling wind, birds that you can see coming to you for a mile but curl back over the beaters, or come at you fifty at a time when you are unloaded, have no place in this dream world. The execration, "Look at that damn dog!" is always applied to somebody else's spaniel who, with flapping ears, ecstatic yelps and bounding gait, is chasing a hare 500 yards away across the next (and best) beat, the grouse rising in clouds before its undisciplined passage. Not for you (except in actuality) to obey Lear's injunction, "Blow winds and crack your cheeks," over a "soundless" whistle, which is obviously all that to the golden demon—transformed from the obedient, affectionate dog of ten minutes before into a monster of master-humiliation.

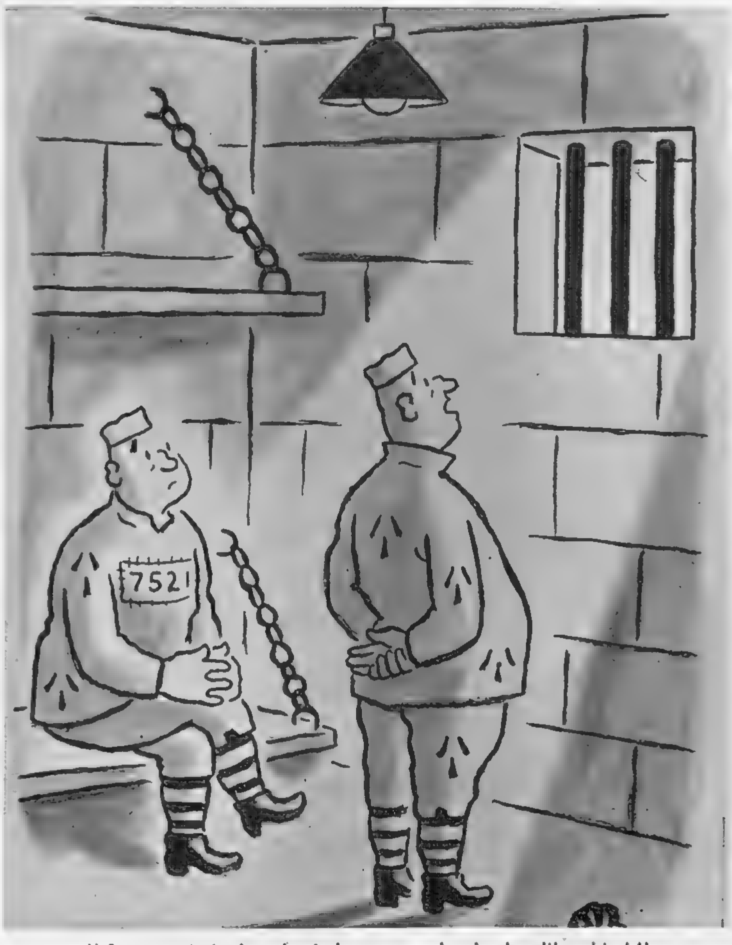
I speak with recent bitterness, for *Bran*, my highly-trained "shooting" spaniel (as opposed to his beautiful, sloppy, gormless blue-roan companion *Michael*, who gave up trying some time ago), was so excited at his return to the moor on which he was bred that discipline broke down on at least three occasions. Of course one must look at it from the spaniel's point of view. Hunting i

in his nature. He is a dog of character, "not like those miserable labradors" (as he might say) "who possess no minds of their own. It is scarcely reasonable to expect me to hunt for you in the reed-beds of Norfolk, pushing wild pheasants out of stuff six times as high as I am, and then expect me to sit and watch while you allow hare after hare to lope past your butt without (for some obscurantist reason of your own) so much as firing at them."

However, I fear that *Bran*, for all that luckily he was bred and trained at this particular place, was not wholly popular. Popularity on a moor is a thing of its own. Two or three years ago my hosts, some charming Scottish-Americans, invited over two of the nicest Americans I know, an ex-cowboy millionaire and his wife. It was their first experience of "grouse-huntin'" (we should remember that the bulk of shooting in the States, as in this country by our ancestors, is done over dogs, so that they do literally hunt for their game). They arrived on the moor—one of the best in Scotland—he festooned with one ciné-camera, three still ditto and a pump-gun, and the lady with a 20-bore which, after the first half-hour, was quietly but firmly taken away from her. The grouse were plentiful but very wild owing to continuous rain and wind. The lady, who walked next to me (I was the flanking gun), was much impressed by the fauna and flora of the moor. As a good wife, she wished her husband to share in her delight. Unfortunately, he was two guns and four places away. "Ja-AHn! There's the cutest bunch of white heather here. Come and have a look-see." These ecstatic cries produced a rash of enquiring heads of old cock grouse all over the moor, who led their loved ones in flight, starting sometimes as much as a mile away. We stopped every twenty minutes for a cigarette, and every half-hour when the pump-gun jammed. On the last day, the only day when the weather enabled us to get on terms with the grouse, we walked over the only covey which had not got up at extreme range. I was on the right flank. My fair companion was, as usual, twenty-five yards behind the line and in the middle of this covey. She was most interested to see the birds at such close quarters. "Say!" she exclaimed. "Look at all these grouse birds!" I managed to shoot the old cock, who swung away, but any other brace-and-a-half, which would have been almost impossible to miss, as they got up in ones and twos, were protected from harm by this inverted Diana. "Now," I said, "do you see the importance of keeping in line? I could not shoot then without shooting you." My face must have betrayed me. "Say, Sylvia," I heard her say to my wife, "I reckon Toby's kinder half-way sore at me." (A charming under-statement for "wholly murderous"!) Still, as I say, they were the most delightful people off the moor, and I am sure that the first time I am invited to go quail-shooting in the United States I shall commit exactly equivalent solecisms!

OF course, my trouble is, about other things besides shooting, that I am highly conservative, with a small "c." That is to say, in common with about half of my fellow-countrymen, it has to be proved to me beyond a peradventure that a change is going to be an improvement before I will reluctantly give it my blessing. Roughly the other half believe still in the pathetic Victorian fallacy of the "Inevitability of Progress," which consists apparently of mere acceleration irrespective of whether you are on the right road—by which standard, of course, the Gadarene swine were the first true progressives.

I am therefore naturally antipathetic towards Planners and Prognoses generally. When, for example, I see the Ministry of Town and Country Planning and the Home Office entering into an unholy alliance to ensure that not only the new pubs in the new towns, but also the existing pubs shall become State Establishments for the Consumption of Alcoholic and Other Liquors, my reaction is the simple one: "Why can't you damn well shut up?" Private enterprise can itself offend my natural conservatism. I am sorry, for instance, to find that my old friend, Brigadier Darley Bridge, the proprietor of the "500" (undoubtedly the nicest "cock-and-hen" club in the West End) since its inception twenty-two years ago, has sold it to one of the more alive and go-getting of West End restaurant proprietors. Somebody once called "Pratt's" "the Late Night Final of the Carlton." The "500" might have been called "the Midday Special" of White's, Brooks' and Boodles. It is a unique club in many ways, but principally for its staff. "Jock," the steward, "Arthur," "Jack," and "Jim," the waiters, the two waitresses, and all the kitchen staff have been with the Club since it first opened its doors twenty-two years ago—something on which Darley Bridge members and staff together can pride themselves. Before the last war it was much patronised by the "601 boys," that group of fine skiers and gallant airmen epitomised by the late Willy Rhodes-Moorhouse, who so distinguished themselves in the Battle of Britain, and of whom, alas, so few are left. It is a club in which you are always certain to meet at least a dozen friends, and in which, just before the school term begins, the consumption of ginger-beer by small boys in grey flannel trousers and young ladies in gym tunics reaches formidable proportions. However, I gather we are to be much changed. The original murals, with their views of the Solent as it was twenty-two years ago and that Supermarine Napier S4 (prototype of the Spitfires in which so many members of the Club gave their lives) winning the Schneider Trophy, are to be replaced by something nice and modern. The dim irreligious light, which made the place so cosy, is, I gather, to be replaced by something definitely snazzier. It is rumoured that we are (God help us) to have a band. Perhaps my forebodings are misplaced. Perhaps, too, in ten years' time I shall be as fiercely resistant to any attempts to change what is to be the new order. But I cannot help shedding a tear for the passing in its old form of one of the most agreeable clubs in London—though so long as Jock and his admirable staff do not pass too, the members may still be reconciled.



"Seems criminal to be indoors on a lovely day like this!"
Drawn by Joss.

JOCK and his henchmen have all the adaptability of old soldiers. Recently looking through Colonel Knight's *History of the Buffs* (in which he follows his father in bringing the five volumes of the regimental history up to date), I came across his description of how the 4th Battalion, during the siege of Malta, were turned into gunners, refuellers and re-armers of aircraft, builders and repairers of runways, and a hundred other things. Colonel Knight says succinctly: "At these various tasks all ranks soon became adept." I remember how, in the war, we sent up into Turkey so-called "construction parties" who were in reality sappers and others who were going ahead, with the connivance of the Turkish Government, to prepare airfields, roads and other installations so that we could bring help from Syria in case the Germans attacked Turkey. Very often the "construction party" consisted of a solitary N.C.O. or even an Other Rank, who found himself the only Briton for 100 miles or more on his own, in a small Turkish town or village. Within a few weeks he would find himself the local doctor, midwife, mender of the electric plant (if any), hero of the children and arbiter of disputes ranging from the domestic to the riotous—all these with a Turkish vocabulary of not more than fifty words. The Navy is adaptable enough, but left on his own a "brown job" can prove equally adaptable. I believe it has happened in some Arab countries that solitary, unlettered Englishmen have acquired such a reputation that they have had to pronounce on Koranic disputes, which they have done by applying the common sense of the Cotswolds or Kent, or in the accents of Edinburgh or the Mile End Road.

Toby O'Brien

This magnificent panorama of Edinburgh, the Festival city, taken from the summit of Calton Hill,
of Castle Rock. All the photographs of Edinburgh in this issue

On the other side of the valley is Princes Street. Here Harold Elliott (left), of Salt Lake City, and William D. Webb, of Swarthmore, Pennsylvania, U.S.A., looked down from the Scott Memorial.

Edinburgh: Background to

YEAR by year, after leaving the Edinburgh Festival—or, to be exact, the International Festival of Music and Drama—I have asked myself what I remember first; and invariably the answer has been the same: the City of Edinburgh itself. Not that the Festival scene is ever less than richly filled: this year, for example, we have had such events and such visitors as *The Winter's Tale*, the French players, New York's famous Symphony-Philharmonic Orchestra and the Yugoslav Ballet. But, when we have numbered all the jewels in the casket, it is the casket that must have first place in the mind: Edinburgh, capital of the North.

For some of us, it is always a city of profiles and silhouettes. No other place has a more romantic skyline. Walk along Princes Street at noon, and there across the valley is the extraordinary ridged backbone of the Old Town, the Royal Mile that pierces down through Scottish history from the Castle on its rock to the Palace of Holyrood. In the centre is the crown of St. Giles's Cathedral. At night, during the Festival, the Old Town ridge becomes a serrated silhouette pricked against the dark; the floodlit Castle is suspended in light, hanging in the sky, a fantasy enchanted, air-borne. There are other things: the pillars of the unfinished National Monument on Calton Hill that closes the view down Princes Street; the oddly endearing Scott Monument, that open Gothic cross; the magnificent lion-mass of Arthur's Seat; the sight of the Castle towering above one when seen from the Grass-market; a vision of rock and crag, spire and tower and turret.

For Festival visitors Edinburgh does not mean only the centre of the city, a contrast between Old Town and New. We remember those quiet squares and terraces, massive, nobly dignified, in the New Town. We do not think only of the Festival Club and of milling crowds round the Post Office. There are the blue streak of the Forth, the span of the Bridge, the Norman arches of Dunfermline, the little fishing-town of Musselburgh, the toothed ruins of Dirleton Castle, the powder-white beaches where Firth broadens into North Sea, the front at North Berwick, the birds that weave about the Bass Rock, Tantallon on its "dizzy steep," the great mound of North Berwick Law that draws the eye inescapably across the East Lothian levels. Some may remember the village of Athelstaneford—though this year there are no pilgrimages to honour the memory of John Home, the author of *Douglas*—or Jane Welsh Carlyle's house and her grave at Haddington, or a preposterous gravestone in the churchyard at Dunbar that bears the deeply-incised inscription, "All change here."

These places and things are part of the memories of an Edinburgh

embraces the leonine mass of Arthur's Seat, the ridged backbone of the Old Town, and the bulk
are the work of Harold White, special photographer to *The Sketch*.

the famous International Festival

Festival. As the years pass, a regular visitor finds that he extends the circle more and more until Edinburgh is at the heart of a wide and ever-growing Festival domain. What of 1951? Here the story of the Festival streets is the story of other years; of a foam-and-surge of visitors, a Pentecostal confusion of accents, a ceaseless clatter of hurrying feet along the Royal Mile, a rustle of guide-books, a clutching of hats at the top of the Waverley steps, a frantic press outside the theatres at night, a series of breakneck rides on Edinburgh's tramcars, a flurry of recognition-and-greeting in foyer and club. Besides the main events—the concerts, the ballets, the plays (Edinburgh could do something more about the Drama, still a spot on the Festival sun)—the programme includes page upon page of "side-shows," events not officially organised by the Festival Society, but not to be overlooked by a Festival-goer.

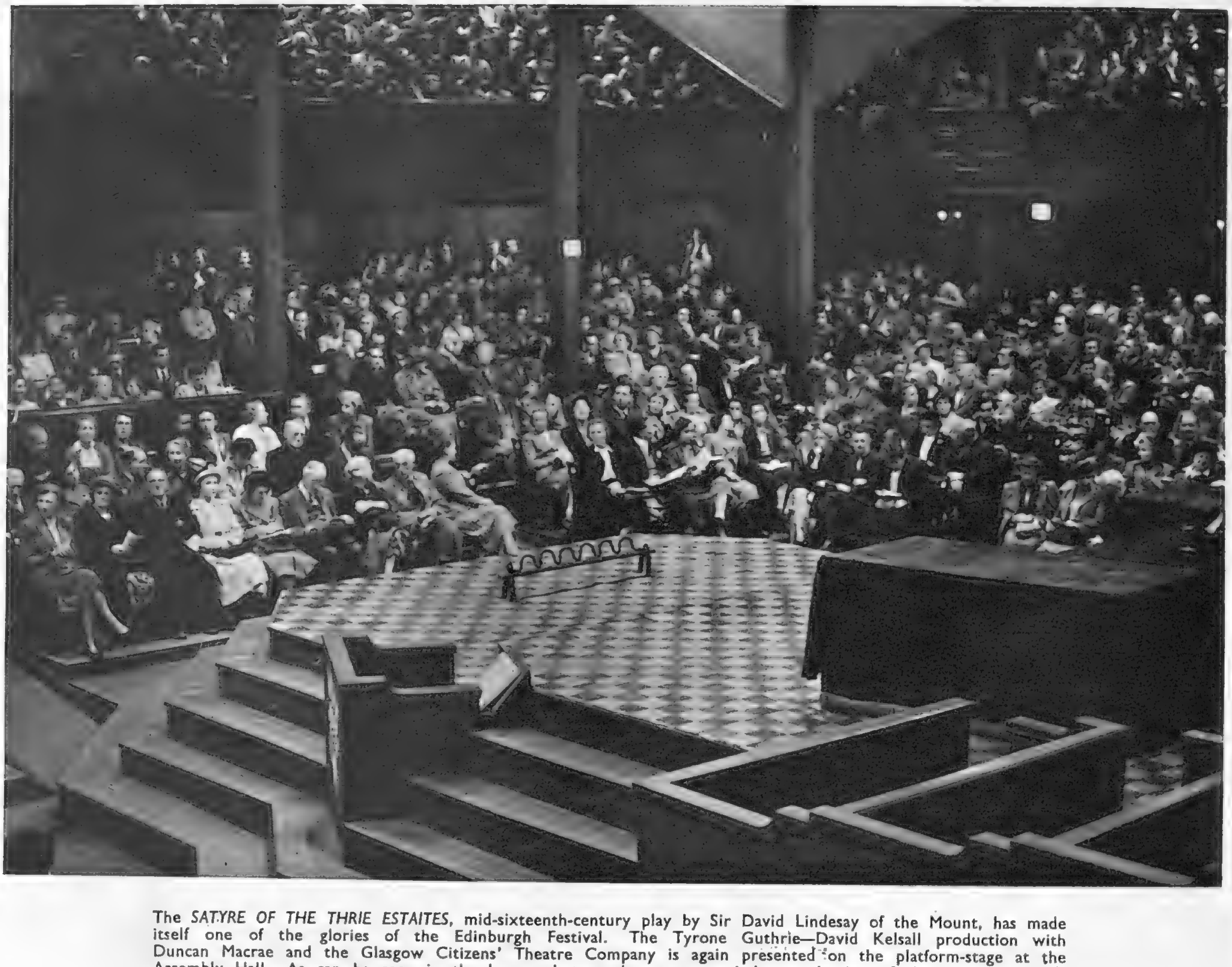
All this explains the occasional sight of a man or woman sitting, in Princes Street gardens, with a notebook open, a mound of tickets in a rubber band, a Festival programme fluttering, and a look of complete and utter bewilderment. Where do I go from here? How in the world am I to get it in?

Somehow we do get it all in. For my part, I was able to give only a longing and distant salute to the orchestras—the New York visitors, the London Phil., the Hallé—to the Glyndebourne opera, the ballets, the recitals. But I shall think of other occasions: of the moment when John Gielgud spoke the line, "Stars, stars, and all eyes else dead coals" in *The Winter's Tale*; when Flora Robson flamed into superb attack; when Diana Wynyard stood statue-still in Hermione's last act; when the French Players, from the Théâtre de l'Atelier, renewed the "auld alliance"; when Robert Bruce lived again in the Norman nave of Dunfermline; when Irish voices enchanted the cadences of Synge.

Other matters yet: an afternoon in the Grassmarket, under the shadow of the Castle and opposite the old White Hart Inn that has known such guests as Burns and Wordsworth; a walk among the towering "lands" of the Royal Mile; a long, leisurely drive away from the floodlighting of Edinburgh, down in the summer darkness beside the Firth, and out to the queerly English village-green of Dirleton; an afternoon watching the fluttering pigeons above the cote of Dirleton Castle; the sight of North Sea waves creaming on the beaches near the island of Fidra; the sound of an American's voice, on a castle rampart, observing: "Nice ruins—they 've made a pretty good job of them."

A pretty good job. The very phrase. There could be no better job, taken all round, than the Edinburgh Festival. J. C. T.

Overlooking the Princes Street Gardens, beyond the Scott Memorial, core of the city's gaiety during the weeks of Festival, were Jean Morizot, from Paris, and M. Viêtñam, from Indo-China.



The *SATYRE OF THE THRIE ESTAITES*, mid-sixteenth-century play by Sir David Lindesay of the Mount, has made itself one of the glories of the Edinburgh Festival. The Tyrone Guthrie—David Kelsall production with Duncan Macrae and the Glasgow Citizens' Theatre Company is again presented on the platform-stage at the Assembly Hall. As can be seen in the lower photograph, a true period reproduction of the stage, with the intimacy and freedom of an audience sitting on three sides of the players, is an integral part of the show.

Edinburgh

Festival Theatre Personalities

Above: Soon after her arrival in Edinburgh, Mlle. Simone Chambord of the Théâtre de l'Atelier, Paris, found her way to the Castle; chatted to a Gordon Highlander, with an old gun in the background.

Top, right: Flora Robson was caught in the Princes Street gardens on her way to the Lyceum Theatre to appear as the loyal Paulina in *The Winter's Tale*.

Below, right: John Gielgud as Leontes, King of Sicilia, Diana Wynyard as Hermione, his Queen, talked together in Miss Wynyard's dressing-room at the Lyceum Theatre as they waited for their cues in *The Winter's Tale*.

The nightly floodlit Military Tattoo given by units of Scottish Command in the Castle precincts is one of the Festival's most popular events.

Floodlighting : Nelson's Monument on Calton Hill drops a time-ball down its mast when the one o'clock gun is fired at the Castle. On right, the unfinished National Monument, commemorating the fallen [*Continued opposite.*

Continued.] in the Peninsular and Waterloo campaigns, was intended to be a reproduction of the Parthenon, but funds gave out when twelve columns were erected. And so it remains.

Edinburgh

City of Contrasts

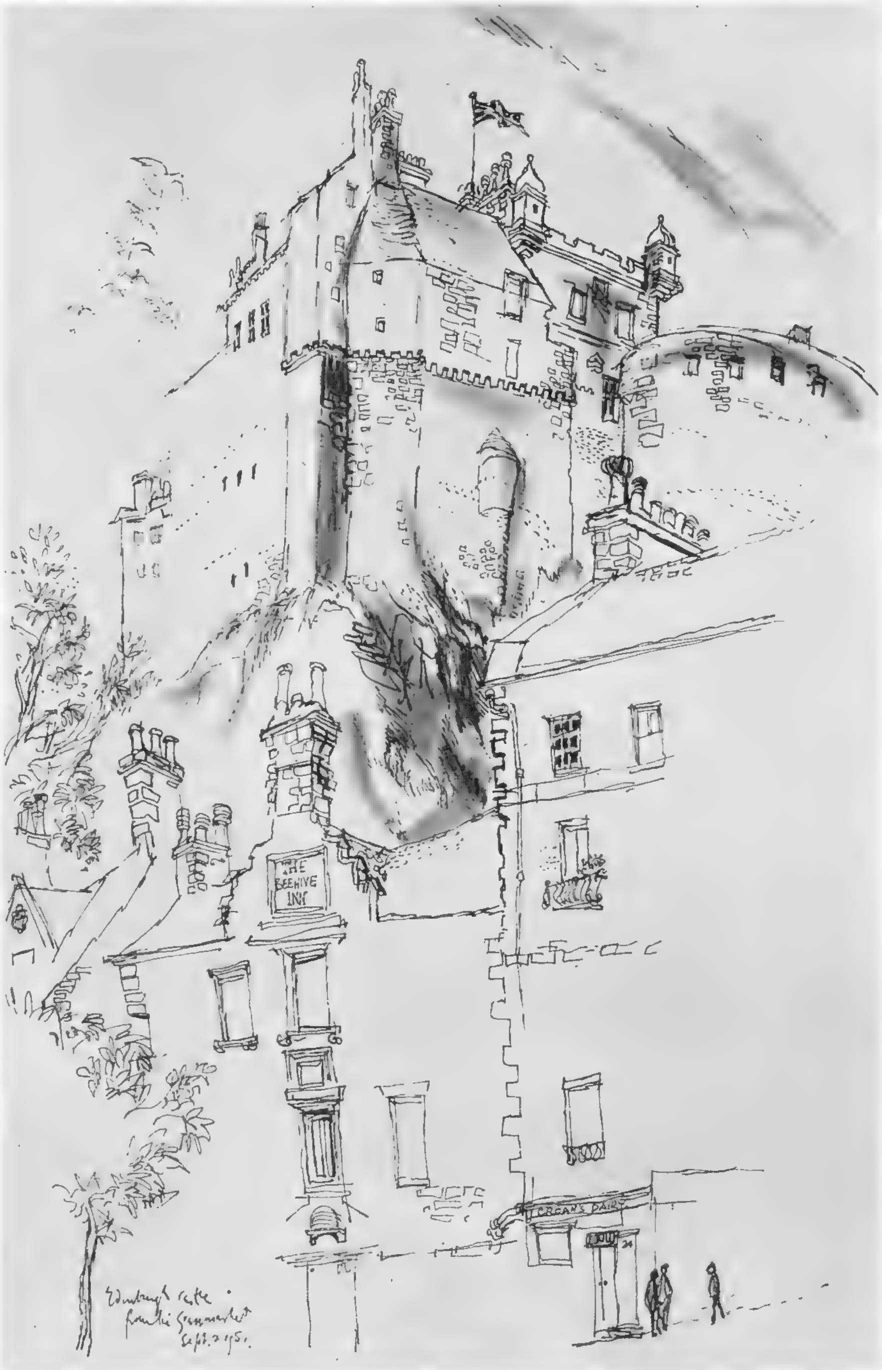
We give here one or two of the many examples of Edinburgh's variety. Her steepness, her space, her Old Town, with its origin in the Middle Ages, are well known to every visitor. Her centuries, past and present, raise themselves in jumbled masses of stone and brick all around one, and remain in the memory long after visitors to her admirably designed and organised Festival have left Auld Reekie.

For the Festival, Edinburgh became a city of cars—to all intents and purposes an international motor-show. Those in the picture were parked under the shadow of the Scott Monument.

Away from Festival bustle is the quiet of New Town. This picture was taken where the dignified crescent of Ainslie Place—home of Dean Ramsay (*Scottish Life and Character*)—joins Great Stuart Street.

Fidra Island, at the mouth of the Firth of Forth, has a strange "eye," was photographed from the beach described by Stevenson in *Catriona*. In the foreground are Robert Hurd (left), Hon. Secretary and architect of the Saltire Society, and Eric Keown, London dramatic critic, discussing the present-day problems of the Church of Scotland—one of those controversial topics which arise during the Festival.

Ronald Searle's Edinburgh Sketch-Book



EDINBURGH CASTLE FROM THE GRASSMARKET.

THE YANKS HAVE COME.

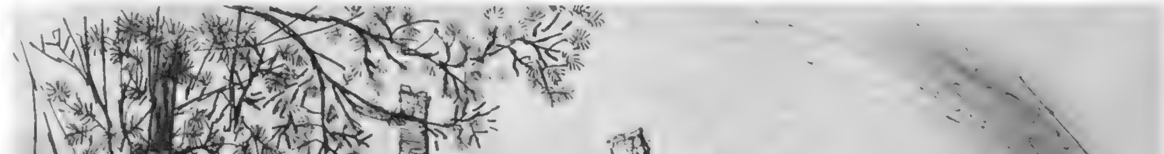
FROM THE GROUSE-MOORS.

ADOLESCENT FROM ST. TRINIAN'S ?

ELMER CHECKS HIS CLAN.

AROUND PRINCES STREET.

CLOSING TIME.



DIRLETON CASTLE, EAST LOTHIAN.

It 's a far cry, you 'd think, from *St. Trinian's* girls' school, to the Edinburgh Festival, but Ronald Searle made the grade specially for *The Sketch*, and turned up in Midlothian with his agile pen and some wash. Here he gives details which impinged upon that satiric eye, and we must admit he has come down to Scottish earth in a way which you might not have expected, giving us a characteristic version of the background which surrounds the æsthetic glories of Edinburgh's International Festival.

RONALD SEARLE HIMSELF, DRAWING DIRLETON CASTLE.

Photographed by Percy Kessell.

IN THE "LIMELIGHT"— CLAIRE BLOOM

Chosen by Charlie Chaplin as the leading lady for his new film *Limelight*, Claire Bloom will be released from stardom in the Anouilh-Fry success *Ring Round the Moon* at the Globe on Saturday, September 15. She will follow in the footsteps of such stars as Paulette Goddard, Virginia Cherrill and others whose international fame came through playing in pictures with Chaplin. Claire is twenty years old, became a stage star at seventeen, playing Ophelia in *Hamlet* productions at Stratford-upon-Avon with Robert Helpmann and Paul Scofield. Chaplin was reported to be very enthusiastic about the results of the screen tests for which Claire flew recently to America.

PRINCESS AT A PAGEANT

Princess Margaret took a young party from Balmoral to a pageant at Drum Castle, Aberdeenshire seat of Mr. Alexander Irvine. In the splendid surroundings of the seventeenth-century castle, scenes from Scottish history were unfolded by members of the Aberdeen Landward Area Youth Panel. The Princess enjoyed the performance, and laughed heartily at an incident during the resurrectionist scene, when a "corpse" came to life and chased a party of frightened villagers.

The Drum Castle pageant included this graceful period dancing scene from the days of the unhappy Mary Queen of Scots.

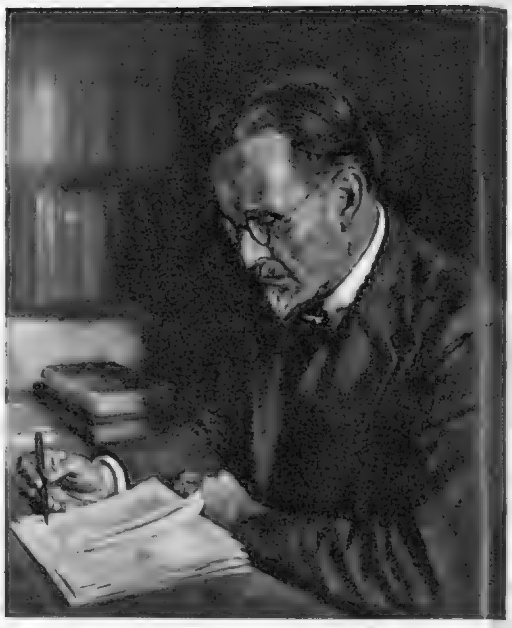
At tea-time, warmly wrapped up, Princess Margaret chatted to: Left, Mr. H. Q. Forbes Irvine of Drum, Lord Aberdeen, Miss H. Q. Forbes Irvine. Behind is her lady-in-waiting Miss Jennifer Bevan, Lady Rosemary Churchill, Mr. Wallace.

In the party which the Princess took over from Balmoral were, l. to r.: Lady Rosemary Churchill, Mr. Robin McEwen, Mr. Simon Phipps and Mr. Billy Wallace.

The Princess's neat Highland get-up suits her admirably, and she won the hearts of everyone at Drum with her charm, grace and happy laughter.

ERNEST W. OWEN.
Joint Managing Director, Rubery, Owen & Co.

CYRIL B. MILLS.
Chairman, Bertram Mills Circus.



SIR STANLEY UNWIN, LL.D., F.R.S.L.
Chairman, George Allen & Unwin.

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Director, Felixstowe Dock & Railway Co.

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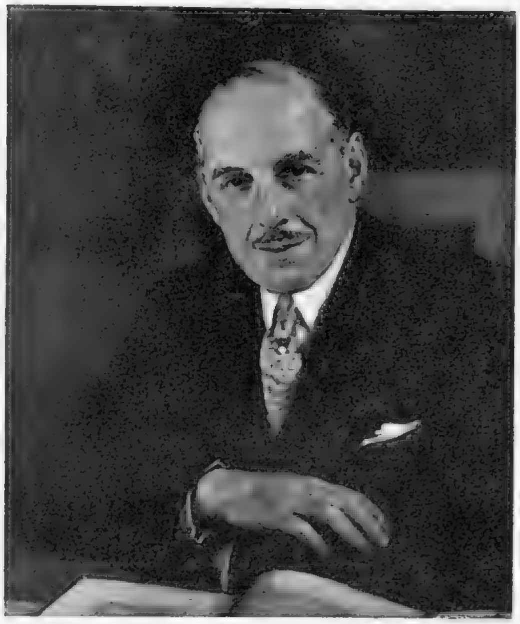


CAPT. THE RT. HON. OLIVER LYTTELTON, D.S.O., M.C., M.P.
Chairman, Associated Electrical Industries.

THE RT. HON. LORD LYLE OF WEST-BOURNE, J.P.
President, Tate & Lyle.

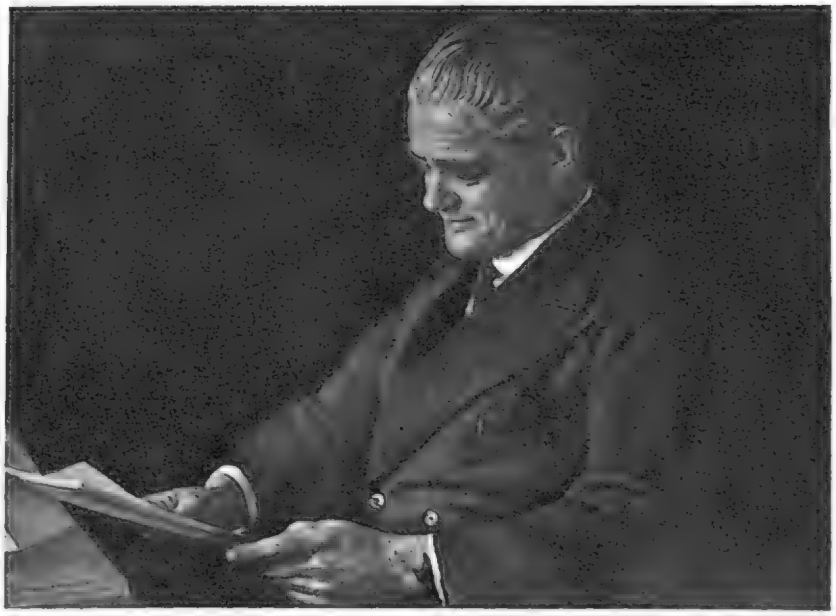
SIR WILLIAM ROOTES, K.B.E.
Chairman, Rootes Motors.

THE RT. HON. LORD McGOWAN OF ARDEER, K.B.E., D.C.L., LL.D.
Hon. President, Imperial Chemical Industries.

N. M. JENSEN, Esq.
Chairman, Tunnel Portland Cement Co.

MEN OF FREE ENTERPRISE

Festival visitors, especially those from overseas, may like to see a collection of portraits of some present-day captains of British industry and commerce. These men, faced with almost insurmountable difficulties, are responsible for keeping the wheels of industry turning. *Men of Free Enterprise*, as the show is called, is neither political nor commercial. The sitters have been chosen to illustrate the courageous, purposeful, confident type of man of whom Britain may well be proud. All the paintings were commissioned from distinguished artists, among whom were Prof. Arthur Pan, Prof. John Wheatley, A.R.A., Arnold Mason, A.R.A., and Frank Eastman. A selection of pictures from the complete collection will be on view at the Hans Galleries, Duke Street, Piccadilly, until September 29.



THE RT. HON. THE VISCOUNT NUFFIELD, G.B.E., F.R.S., M.A., F.R.C.S., D.C.L., LL.D.
Chairman, Morris Motors.

AT THE THEATRE . .

West End Favourites

THE BIGGEST THIEF IN TOWN
(Duchess).

Dalton Trumbo's comedy is one long Casket Scene. It takes place in an undertaker's parlour (Shale City, Colorado) and the gentle-man - in - the - parlour is Hartley Power, a Master Mortician with a heart of gold but a small bank-balance.

TO DOROTHY, A SON
(Garrick).

Throughout, Dorothy is in bed off-stage: we meet her only when she takes a curtain-call at the end. She is spoken by Sheila Sim; Richard Attenborough is her husband, and his first wife, Myrtle, is Yolande Donlan. That should be enough to recommend Roger MacDougall's cheerful comedy. Myrtle, affectionate and wide-eyed, trips about like a doll newly-wound, and to hear her observe, "Well, what d'ye know!"—after an explanation of Greenwich Mean Time—is to hear Eve's first cry of delight at the wonders of Eden.

THE WINTER'S TALE
(Phœnix).

Here we have the late-Shake-spearean romance of which many people know merely that it con-tains the stage direction, "Exit, pursued by a bear." Once its difficult first act has fairly begun, it has superb passages. Thanks to the craft of its players and of its producer (Peter Brook), it proves now to be one of the major excitements of the Festival season, a revival happily direct and digni-fied. John Gielgud's Leontes is moving in repentance; Diana Wynyard and Flora Robson adorn Hermione and the dragon-Paulina; and Virginia McKenna guards the daffodil-breath of Perdita's flower-catalogue.

PENNY PLAIN
(St. Martin's).

When this revue is good, it is very good. Joyce Grenfell's voice for a special type of monologue—I have been reminded of an eagerly - dripping tap — is here richly in use; and Miss Grenfell, Moyra Fraser and Rose Hill are the demurest singers Albert Hall oratorio has known. Elsewhere, Rose Hill is a tone-deaf prima donna; Max Adrian, when his material helps him, can prick like a needle; Ronald Searle's little maids from St. Trinian's are in horrific splendour; and Charlotte Mitchell's skit on the Family Play should be observed by all who think they have a *Quiet Week-End* in their pockets.

KNIGHTS OF MADNESS
(Victoria Palace).

Flanagan, Nervo and Knox, and Naughton and Gold have just passed their 900th performance in this romping revue, so there is little to say except to assure you that it is Business As Usual at the Victoria Palace.

★ First Choice ★

ARDÈLE

(Vaudeville)

I OUGHT to preface this by saying that most people will either like *Ardèle* very much indeed or thoroughly detest it. It is not a play for half-measures. Here at once I begin to hedge; to confess that although I found the produc-tion at the Birmingham Repertory last autumn a surprising experience, the play excited me less in a West End performance that was too often glib without being imaginative.

The period is 1912; the scene, a French country house; the theme, love and its terrors. ("It 's like a children's game . . . You pass the lighted match from hand to hand, and you either burn your own fingers, or else get rid of the match in time and watch the others burn theirs. And either way it isn't very pretty.") If that were all, the French dramatist, Jean Anouilh, would be a glum fellow indeed, as gay as a wet afternoon in a ceme-tery. But he manages, by an odd twist, to be one of the most theatrically relishing of dramatists as well as the most pessimistic. He loves to charge a scene until the atmosphere hangs like a baleful thundercloud, to provide such a queer decoration as the madwoman's voice that is like the cry of a peacock, and to add line upon line of wry, cynical comedy. It is a bitter play, some may hold a repellent play, but it is uncannily theatrical and it does plague the memory.

At its heart is the doomed love of a pair of hunchbacks, the Ardèle of the title, whom we never see, and a man who does not speak and whom we see for a moment only. Their love is fresh and unstained in a world of cynicism and cruelty. Anouilh is so anxious to press the contrast that he in-cludes (unwisely) a pair of young children to add to the mockery of love and to parody the ways of their elders. At the end this is unfortunate: the curtain should fall on the line, "Never think of love again, ever."

At Birmingham, in spite of some miscasting, the piece had an extra-ordinary impact. The Vaudeville production is more superficial, though there could hardly be a better General (madwoman for wife, chambermaid for mistress) than George Relph; and I was impressed by Veronica Hurst and Ronald Howard as the two young people. Isabel Jeans, Ronald Squire and Nicholas Phipps join effectively enough in their wry tune on the triangle—especially in the first act—and Jane Henderson can cope with the madwoman's brief and intensely difficult scene. I do not think the hunchback should look like a cashier who has just grabbed the contents of the till.

. . . with J. C. TREWIN

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS
(*Watergate*)

I NEVER thought that a night would come when I should meet Aegeon, the distraught father of *The Comedy of Errors*, speaking with a thick Lancashire accent and looking vaguely like the twin of Hartley Power as the undertaker of *The Biggest Thief in Town*. It proved to be an agreeable shock. After this I was ready for anything, even for the two brisk jack-tars of the Dromios; for a pair of Antipholuses who seemed to have strayed from *Bless the Bride*; and for an Abbess who crooned at us gummily in the tones (let me hazard) of the endearing Barbara Mullen. And the songs? Nothing came amiss to Geoffrey Beaumont, the composer, who himself sat in majesty at the piano. Besides calling upon snatches from a number of other Shakespearean plays, he allowed Aegeon to sing an appropriate Sonnet; and the night ended amiably with "Honour, riches, marriage-blessing" from *The Tempest*.

The Cambridge A.D.C. was responsible for this liberty, a revival in mid-Victorian costume. I cannot believe that many impassioned admirers of *The Comedy of Errors* in its usual form have since risen up to smite young Cambridge for its evil deed. I can remember earlier and more solemn performances of *The Comedy*, which can develop into a horror, with its run of quibbles and its tripping twins. Any straight production in future must be overcast for me by memories of Mr. King in song and of the way in which a ditty called, I think, "My name is Dromio-miomio" appeared to penetrate every strand of the complicated farce. The producer, John Barton, enjoyed himself hugely and encouraged his cast to follow him. The audience agreed.

★

THE OLD VIC SEASON

THE Old Vic is, in effect, our National Theatre, so at this time of the year playgoers await anxiously for news from Waterloo Road. And this September, now the complete list is ready, there is news indeed: the first professional revival of *Tamburlaine the Great* within living memory (opening night, September 24), and productions of *Othello* (October 31), Garrick and Colman's *The Clandestine Marriage* (December 5), *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (Boxing Day), *King Lear* (in the week of January 7), *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* (Bristol Old Vic company; February 18), *The Other Heart* (by James Forsyth; April 15), and *Timon of Athens* (June 3).

That is certainly a list: the Vic will have two companies to deal with it. This means that we shall see such players as Donald Wolfit, who deals with the pleasant little packet of Tamburlaine, Ogleby Lear and Timon; Douglas Campbell, the Othello; Margaret Rawlings, Irene Worth (Desdemona and Helena), Coral Browne (Emilia).

Plans for the Future

The first new musical play of a season likely to be rich in them will be *Rainbow Square* at the Stoll on September 21. The scene is Vienna at the present day (a change); Guy Bolton and Harold Purcell have written the book, to music by Robert Stolz; Martha King is one of the leading ladies, and all who remember the telling performance of Gloria Lane as the secretary in Menotti's *The Consul* will want to meet her again in another kind of part.

THE WHITE SHEEP.

Ian Hay, as either author or part-author, has now written twenty-six plays. The latest is *The White Sheep of the Family*, in which his collaborator is L. du Garde Peach and Jack Hulbert will have his first straight part. The Daniel Mayer Company brings the play, directed by John Fernald, to London in the early autumn, and there is certainly a strong cast with Joyce Carey and Denys Blakelock.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH.

Two comedies on the way, one French, one English, are *Figure of Fun*, which is Arthur Macrae's version of André Roussin's *Bobosse*, and a piece—so far without a title—by Kenneth Horne. *Bobosse*, in rehearsal under Peter Ashmore, will have John Mills, Brenda Bruce and Arthur Macrae himself in the cast, and is presented by Tennents. The Horne play, a light comedy, is a venture by a new management—John Clements and Anthony Vivian—with John Clements producing. The theatre is the Criterion; the date, September 26.

FROM PARIS.

The first nights of the long-expected Jean-Louis Barrault season (St. James's) have now been fixed as follows: September 25, *Les Fausses Confidences* and *Baptiste*; September 27, *Œdipe* and *Les Nuits de la Colère*; October 1, *Partage de Midi*; October 5, *Amphitryon* and *Les Fourberies de Scapin*.

GETTING AROUND.

Early in October Alec. L. Rea and E. P. Clift will present at the Westminster Kieran Tunney and John Synge's drama, *A Priest in the Family*, with Maureen Delany, Sheila Manahan, Ronald Walsh, and Maire O'Neill in the leading parts; André van Gyseghem produces . . . Beatrice Campbell has taken over the part of Alex in *Who Goes There!* at the Duke of York's, and Valerie Tandy has succeeded Julie Wilson in *Kiss Me, Kate*. . . . *The Hollow* will move from the Fortune to the Ambassadors on October 8. . . . The September 26 performance of *A Sleep of Prisoners* (St. Thomas's Church, Regent Street) will benefit the Returned British Prisoners of War Association.

Colebrooke, the home of Ulster's Prime Minister, was built in 1820 by an Irishman, William Farrell.

Three generations of Brookes—Sir Basil and Lady Brooke with their son, Captain John Brooke, daughter-in-law and small grandchild Juliana. Sir Basil is holding one of his pet border terriers.

Sir Basil at his desk in the library of Colebrooke.

The drawing-room looks on to a sunny, flower-bordered terrace.

ULSTER'S PREMIER AT HOME

The Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, the Rt. Hon. Sir Basil Stanlake Brooke, fifth Baronet, and Premier since 1943, lives with his wife at Colebrooke Park, which lies about fifteen miles from Enniskillen in the sylvan County of Fermanagh.

Colebrooke, commanding 700 acres of parkland, is sturdily built in the Georgian manner. Close by on the estate lives Sir Basil's only surviving son, Captain John Warden Brooke, who, like his father, served in the 10th Hussars. In 1949, he married Rosemary Hilda, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Chichester of Ballymena.

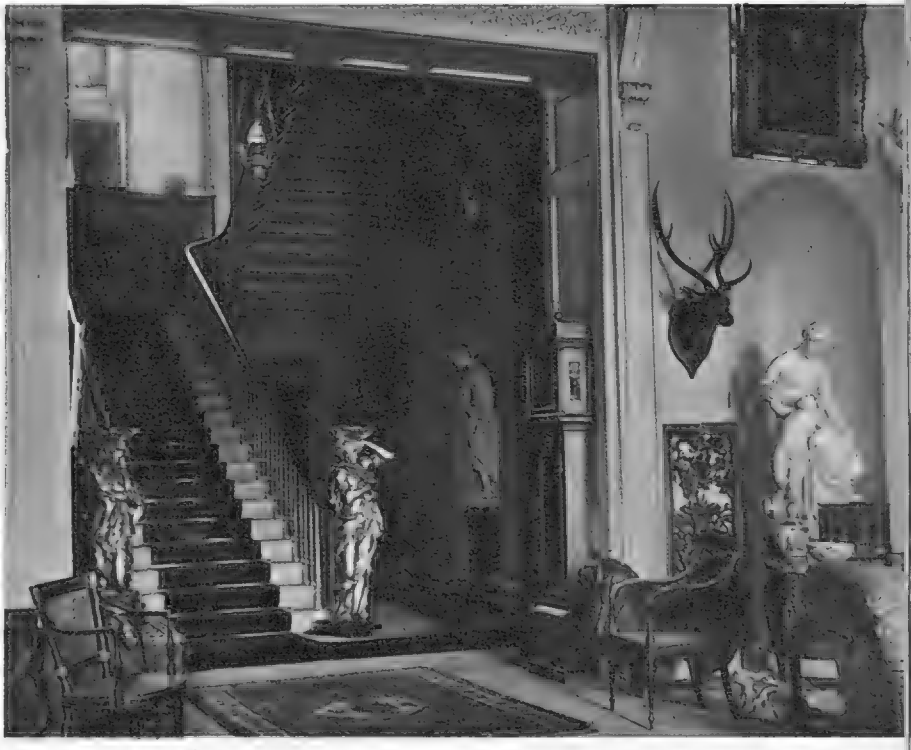
Fermanagh County families have retained a traditional pride in their estates—the country is well-groomed and proud of it. Captain Brooke, who is twenty-nine, sets a fine example to local people by farming Colebrooke demesne on the most modern lines.

Sir Basil likes to fish the local rivers for humble brown trout and lordly, full-flavoured pike. He also enjoys shooting game, and rooms at Colebrooke contain many reminders of his successes.

Photographed by J. Allan Cash.

Over the fireplace in the hall hangs an interesting old reredos.

In the entrance hall there are some fine pieces of sculpture, paintings and china.



Sporting trophies and handsome pieces of sculpture decorate the hall and staircase.

OUR BOOKSHELF

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

MY DEAR HOLMES. By Gavin Brend. (*Allen and Unwin ; 10s. 6d.*)

IN HIS TRUE CENTRE. By Arnold Haskell. (*Black ; 21s.*)

AND DELILAH. By Neil Paterson. (*Hodder and Stoughton ; 10s. 6d.*)

THE INJUSTICE COLLECTORS. By Louis Auchincloss. (*Gollancz ; 10s. 6d.*)

IF one re-reads any of the Sherlock Holmes stories to-day, it seems almost as though their author were insisting on their period, deliberately stressing the hansom-cabs, the Inverness capes, the gaslight, the London of honest landladies, illiterate policemen and gold sovereigns which Conan Doyle saw about him sixty years ago. They might almost be the work of a living writer, conscientiously introducing the correct touches, and in this, I think, is some of their continuing attraction for us. "I must confess," writes Mr. Gavin Brend in *My Dear Holmes*, "that for me a world in which it is always 1895 is not without its attractions" and there will be many who agree with him. He is thinking of Mr. Vincent Starrett's description of the Baker Street of Sherlock Holmes as a fascinating country of the mind, which never existed in reality, where time has no meaning and it is always 1895. But in fact, as he shows in this thoroughly documented biography of Holmes, the time of many events in the detective's life can be fixed by his own methods of deduction. Holmes was born, Mr. Brend concludes, in 1853, seven years after his extraordinary brother Mycroft, of whom "You might in one sense say he *is* the British Government." He went up to Oxford (*not* Cambridge, Mr. Brend convincingly argues) in 1871 and remained there for five years. In 1881, a young man called Stamford, "one of the great contact men of history," introduced Holmes and Watson. They took rooms in Mrs. Hudson's house at 221b Baker Street, but never again mentioned young Stamford, who, having fulfilled his destiny by bringing them together, fades from our ken. Watson married for the first time in 1887 after he had lived with Holmes a dozen of their adventures, including *A Study in Scarlet* and *The Sign of Four*. It was while assisting Holmes in the latter case that he met his future wife. From 1891 to '94 Holmes was not, as the public believed, dead, nor, as Watson afterwards was told, travelling in Tibet and Persia, but, says Mr. Brend, living secretly as one of the Moriarty gang which still operated under the dead Professor's brother James. Dr. Watson had become a widower in the meantime and the two men returned to Baker Street, where they remained, except for an estrangement in 1896, until Watson's second marriage in 1902 and Holmes's retirement to bee-keeping on the Sussex Downs in 1903. He was recalled by the Prime Minister to an espionage case but, says Mr. Brend, finally "we imagine that he returned once more to his bees on the Sussex Downs and that he is still there to-day. For he bears a charmed life. If ever a man was immortal, that man was Sherlock Holmes."

This humorously studious biography is worthy of its subject.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

A TRAVELLER IN VENICE.
By Derek Patmore. (*Methuen ; 15s.*)

"The charms and fascination of this city remain inexhaustible," writes Mr. Patmore in his Preface, "and I think there is room for a book which evokes them in a simple but appreciative manner which can be understood by the average reader."

SOUTHILL. A REGENCY HOUSE.
(*Faber ; 25s.*)

A collection of essays by different authorities on a great house and its contents, illustrated with ninety photographs of its rooms and art treasures.

SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY IN PICTURES.
Foreword and Introductory Text by J. C. Trewin. (*Odhams ; 12s. 6d.*)

A pictorial guide which goes as far afield as Broadway, the Malvern Hills and Bredon.

A BOUQUET FOR A BRIDE.
By G. C. Heseltine. (*Hollis and Carter ; 18s.*)

An anthology designed, it would seem, as a little wedding-present bound in cream and silver. Mr. William Littlewood's decorations are very much in keeping with the text. A pale-blue ribbon serves as bookmark.

NIGHT MAN.
By Allan Ullman from the Screen Play by Lucille Fletcher. (*Gollancz ; 9s. 6d.*)

Faster-than-print thriller by the authors of *Sorry, Wrong Number*.

CLERIHEWS COMPLETE.
By E. C. Bentley. (*Werner Laurie ; 12s. 6d.*)

The whole collection from Titian to Noël Coward, from Hannibal to Beverley Nichols, with the original drawings by G. K. Chesterton, Victor Reinganum and Nicolas Bentley. Certainly money's-worth.

HOW unegotistical the first person singular can be. Mr. Arnold Haskell tells in *In His True Centre* the story of his life, from his nursery to his present illustriousness as a recognised arbiter in all ballet matters, yet seems far less interested in himself than in the things he has seen and done, the people he has known and the wonderful growth and development of the ballet in his time. Brought up "with the greatest prospect of success as a dilettante," he has not only reached the top of his profession but, very largely, created a profession to overtop, for it is doubtful whether anyone before him could earn a living in England by writing about the ballet. He takes us to Westminster, Paris in 1920, and Cambridge from which he came down to write for Orage's *New Age*, then to join the staff of Heinemann's, the publishers, where he remained for five years. He recalls this period with chuckling anecdote, then complains, as well he may, that Cunninghame-Graham is a much-neglected author. He tells of his job as ballet critic to the *Daily Telegraph* and of the difficulties of one whose friends were the people he wrote about, and says, indefensibly, I think, "It is almost impossible to criticise ballet and not to know dancers and choreographers ; for that matter it is equally impossible to be a literary critic and not to know writers." But he has set out to be controversial and is not afraid to take sides on any question which arises, from the British Council's criticised entertainment of Victoria Ocampo to the ethics of bull-fighting. Then suddenly, in the middle of a book of reminiscences, and these largely of the ballet, comes something quite magnificent in a different key, for Mr. Haskell writes with rare, indeed in England almost unique, understanding of Spain, her Civil War, her present régime, her spirit and her wise isolation. With great modesty—for on this subject each writer has known better than the last—he speaks of "what he understands" of the Spanish character and admits that he knows no Spanish, yet he goes straight to the heart of the matter with deep perception and sympathy. There are many other good things in his book, which is a sincere, varied and important record. No one interested in the changing life of this difficult century should miss it.

TWO interesting collections of short stories are Mr. Neil Paterson's *And Delilah* and Mr. Louis Auchincloss's *The Injustice Collectors*. Mr. Paterson's are smooth, even slick, and have settings and characters the very unusualness of which has become the convention in this kind of fiction. A fairground midget with a broken heart, a bull-fighter with a faithless wife, Scottish emigrants in Canada, a professional beauty who wore a wig, a Spaniard who kept pigeons, a ballet-dancer under observation by a psychiatrist, these are the people whose pointed, eventful stories he tells at neatly measured length and with rather endearing zest, but in the old-fashioned manner of the vanished fiction magazines. His most irritating fault is a great show of intimate knowledge of his more out-of-the-way subjects which falls down on detail. He makes fairground people, for instance, call their living-waggons "caravans" and, amid a big display of bull-fighting words, repeatedly calls a *torero* a *torrero*, and muddles his genders.

Mr. Auchincloss, on the other hand, has an impeccable knowledge of the society he depicts, the rich, time-wasting society of American seaside resorts, the dilettante Americans of Paris and Venice. He deals with them shrewdly, but not mercilessly and he is adept at polishing their tragedies and relationships till they shine with a rich veneer of unnatural sentiment. I like particularly his story of an old woman's paid companion who has to watch the dissipation of a fortune on entertaining an octogenarian, his devastating character-sketch of a small girl who detested her well-meaning parents and grew into a numbed and beautiful woman, and his cruel story of a momma-ridden man who tried to build himself up as a "character" and was swamped by a sudden disillusionment. This is deft and urbane writing which recalls, at times, the work of that good, forgotten American novelist, Edith Wharton, but drops into no modern category.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . . .

1.—Mr. and Mrs. Carlin made history when they crossed the broad Atlantic in their amphibious jeep, dubiously named *Half-Safe*, taking fifty-three days over the voyage to Calais. Nothing was heard of the craft later till Deal coast-guards spotted a dark object bobbing about among the wrecks of the Goodwins. A lifeboat was sent to escort her in, but *Half-Safe* made the five miles to land under her own power; arrived safely at Walmer, Kent.

2.—At Prestwick, Neville Dunn of the Prudhoe G.C., self-taught seventeen-year-old, won the Boys' Golf Championship by 6 and 5 from Michael Lunt of Uppingham School, a worthy opponent. After an all-but hopeless deficit of holes he pulled himself together, went on to smash his opponent by unbeatable golf. The young insurance clerk had never before played in a championship, which makes his victory all the more creditable.

3.—The latest achievement of world champion Geoffrey Duke and his team of British Norton riders put this country right on top in the German Grand Prix at Stuttgart. Duke broke track records in the two highlight events: in the 500-c.c. race he covered the 137.7 km. course at an average of 136 k.p.h., and in the 350-c.c. race he broke the record with 130.6 k.p.h. 400,000 spectators roared their appreciation of his expertise.

4.—Sixteen-year-old schoolgirl Maureen Connolly, of San Diego, has made an astonishing début on America's championship courts. At Boston she gave America its fifteenth consecutive Wightman Cup victory by beating British Kathleen Tuckey by 6—1, 6—3. She followed this up at Forest Hills by defeating Wimbledon champion Doris Hart 6—4, 6—4. And her third triumph was to beat Wimbledon runner-up Shirley Fry, 6—3, 1—6, 6—4, reaching the pinnacle not only of American but of world lawn tennis.

1.—MR. and MRS. FRED CARLIN: For their daring and economical honeymoon trip across the Atlantic by amphibious jeep.

2.—NEVILLE DUNN: For being the self-taught winner of the Boys' Golf Championship—his first ever.

3.—GEOFFREY DUKE: For consistently keeping Britain on top of the motor-cycling map.

4.—TEENAGER MAUREEN CONNOLLY: For being the youngest-ever world's women's singles lawn tennis champion.

TALES WITH A STING

ANYONE CAN

By Richard Parker

WHEN I was a small boy, we used to picnic on the downs above Dunstable. The place was called Whipsnade and it consisted of a church, a pub called The Chequers, which I confused for years with the Prime Minister's country retreat, a few small cottages and a vast stretch of empty downland.

For some strange reason, my parents were unbearably proud of this emptiness—as if they had created it. Perhaps they had. At any rate, I never saw anyone else picnic there.

There was a traditional sequence of events on those Sundays. On arrival, my father and I would go off, separately and in different directions, to explore: he always over the top of the hill towards the village and I at right-angles towards a little, disused chalk quarry. I would return some time later, recalled by a prolonged hoot on the car-horn, to find a meal laid on the yellow-check tea-cloth laid on the brown blanket from the visitors' bed laid on the grass at exactly the same place, near the brow of the hill. A small hawthorn bush half-way down the slope was always in line with the distant church in Dunstable, and if I dug my fingers among the grass-roots where I sat, I could find cherry- and plum-stones from innumerable previous picnics. Once a peach-stone germinated there and grew for two years into quite a sizable sapling.

When we had eaten, my parents would lie back and stare at the sky or the distant view and I would roll down the hill, on the general principle of Canadian logs on their way to the frozen river. This continued until I rolled into the solitary hawthorn bush, or was violently sick through a too intensive churning of my inside. In either case, the result was the same: I was carried weeping to the car and we drove homeward in a frigid silence. I can only remember this sequence being broken once, and it came about in this way:

On a particular Sunday I had finished exploring the chalk quarry before the car-horn sounded, and to fill up the time of waiting I climbed the steep slope at the back of the quarry and scrambled through a hedge that I had never scrambled through before. Here I came on the edge of a wide, ploughed field, empty except for a scrubby growth of mustard. Its bleak aridity struck a sort of desolation into me. I felt as the field might have felt; unfarmed, neglected, lonely. Very lonely. Having no brothers, nor sisters, I often felt alone. This was different: it was as if I had once had companions and now, by some devastating act of nature, had been deprived of them.

Suddenly a hare bobbed up in a furrow some distance away and stared at me. It broke the spell: it was an altogether lovable creature. I held out my hand and called, but it did not move. Then I picked up a sharp flint and hurled it with all my strength.

The stone fell many yards short of the hare and where it fell stood a small boy in a blue velveteen suit with grubby lace cuffs. He stared at me as the hare had done. I threw a second stone, and a second boy, in a brown jersey and red socks, stood beside the first.

"Come and play!" I said, but neither of them moved.

I walked up to them and round them and they turned like the moon and kept their faces to me. I touched one of them on the shoulder. "You're *it*," I said, but he did not chase me. I began to grow angry with them.

"What's your name?" I said to the boy I had touched.

"It," he said.

"What's yours?" I said to the other.

"What's yours?" he asked back.

"Dick," I said.

"Dick?"

"Yes, that's right. What's yours?"

"I don't know," he said. "You haven't told me."

"Are you trying to be funny?" I said.

"That's right," he said, and smiled. "I'm Funny."

I thought they were teasing me and I turned my back on them and threw some more stones. Soon there were about twenty of them, all standing still and staring. They frightened me.

Slowly and carefully, stumbling a little in the furrows, I worked backwards towards the hole in the hedge and, as I did so, they all began to follow, closing in. I turned and dived through the hedge, slid down the chalk slope and ran as fast as I could across the bottom of the quarry. At the sound of rustling bushes and sliding chalk I stopped and turned to face them. But all the boys had stopped too, some at the bottom of the slope, some half-way down it and some with just their heads poking through the hedge. I went on, slowly and rather thoughtfully.

At the entrance to the quarry there was a narrow road on the other side of which was a heap of gravel with a shovel stuck in the top. I walked over to it and put my hand on the shovel. The boys stared at me expectantly.

"Don't stand there staring!" I shouted angrily. "I could make thousands more like you—if I wanted to."

The first two boys nodded eagerly. "Go on, then!" said the one who called himself Funny. "Do it!"

I scattered a shovelful of gravel across the road and immediately it was crowded with more boys. I felt quite drunk with excitement. I began shovelling in all directions, my arms working like a windmill until the sky was full of flying stones. I did not look where they went, but shovelled and shovelled until the heap was gone. Then I looked up, quite weak and with all my strength soaked out of me.

All around, as far as I could see, the countryside was black with boys. They stretched up and down the road in both directions and across the downs and into the woods. Even the trees were festooned with them so that the branches bent down almost to the ground. For a moment, I felt a sort of concern for what I had done. And, at that moment, the car-horn sounded to tell me that it was tea-time.

I dropped the shovel and tried to push my way through the crowd, but as I went forward the boys in front retreated and those behind followed so that we all moved forward together, like a crowd leaving a football match. Presently we reached the picnic place. The tea was laid on the yellow-check cloth on the brown blanket on the grass, but whether the hawthorn bush was in line with Dunstable church it was impossible to say. Both my parents were staring at the crowd of boys in amazement.

"Well, I never!" said my mother. "Not in all the times we've been here . . . and the downs have always been so empty . . ."

"They're all *boys*," said my father sternly, looking at me. I believe he had already guessed. "Where did they come from?"

I shrugged my shoulders and started to eat a ham sandwich.

"Really, my dear," said my mother to my father, "I don't see how we can eat with all these children staring at us. They're probably hungry too. And we haven't got enough to . . . Perhaps it's some sort of school outing."

My father spoke to the boy nearest to him. "Where do you come from?" he asked.

The boy pointed towards the ploughed field.

My father looked, but could see nothing but more boys. "What's your name, sonny?" he asked kindly.

"I don't know," said the boy. "He hasn't told me yet."

"Who hasn't told you?"

The boy reached out to point to me until his finger was only two inches from my chest. My father looked at me very sternly.

"So it was you?" he said. "You know how these boys got here?"

"I made them," I said proudly.

"All of them?"

I nodded. "I threw stones."

"Oh, Dick!" said my mother. "You didn't!"

"I felt lonely," I said. "So I made lots of them."

"It was a naughty, wicked thing to do," said my father. "And you ought to have had more sense. I hope you're thoroughly ashamed of yourself."

"I don't suppose he knew," protested my mother, coming in on my side as usual. "After all, we never told him."

"Boys find these things out for themselves," said my father. "And finding out *how* to do it is no excuse for *doing* it. And so many at a time—why, there must be a million of them . . ."

I was bewildered by all this. "Do you mean anybody can do it?" I asked. "Anyone can just throw a stone and . . . ? I thought I was the only one."

"Of course anyone can!" snapped my father. "But they just don't. Why, what do you think it would be like if everyone went about throwing stones when they felt like it? Of course not. It's one of those things that are just not done. Like drinking your tea out of the saucer. It may be all right for a general in the middle of a battle—though even then it's considered unsporting. Under any other circumstances, it's inexcusable. Absolutely inexcusable. And if ever you do it again, I shall punish you most severely."

"You see, dear," said my mother, "they haven't anywhere to go. No homes, no mothers and fathers . . ."

"No names," said my father. "You didn't even take the trouble to give them names."

In a hurried and oppressive silence, we packed up our picnic things and stowed them away in the car. A million pairs of eyes followed our movements, a million pairs of feet shuffled backwards and forwards on the grass every time we moved between the car and the picnic-place. I felt terribly solemn and guilty.

At last, as we were climbing into our seats, ready to go, I made a violent effort of self-defence.

"I don't believe it," I said. "I don't believe anyone else can do it. You're just saying that."

My father bent down and picked up a stone.

"Harry!" said my mother urgently. "Don't, dear. You know how bad you'll feel afterwards."

"But I must," said my father. "If the boy won't believe anything unless he sees for himself . . ."

In a sort of fury he dashed the stone to the ground and a little boy appeared.

My father opened the car door. "Eric," he said, "get in the back." And to me, "Make room for your new brother."

He drove slowly along the crowded road for more than a mile before we were clear of the evidence of my little prank. I was staring all the time at Eric, filled with my new but disappointing knowledge. No one spoke all the way home.

AT THE BATH SHOW

The one-day Bath Horse Show maintained its high standard of entries, big classes of horses and ponies of note coming from far afield, not to mention the well-known show riders who competed. Mr. Cooper's unbeaten *Mighty Atom* took, as was expected, the championship, with Mr. Hanson's *Unique*, admirably shown by Mr. Gamble, standing reserve. We should specially mention Miss Pat Smythe's finished performance to win on *Prince Hal* in the open jumping over a poorish course.

Taking the water-jump, to finish fourth in the open jumping class : J. B. Frost's *Mount Silver*.

Talking mounts : Mrs. Christopher Mackintosh, notable show-ring rider, and Count Robert Orssich, one of the best-known show-ring riders of hacks and hunters.

L. to r. : Major G. E. Longrigg, Chairman of the Bath Show Committee, with Mr. Stanley Barton, and Mr. R. W. Tilley, Hon. Secretary.

Coun. Pearson, the Mayor of Bath presented the Champion Hunter Challenge Cup—the City of Bath, Challenge Cup—to Jim Daly on W. H. Cooper's *Mighty Atom*.

L. to r. : A family party, Mrs. N. Rooke, Major N. Rooke (the Duke of Beaufort's commissioner) and Miss Leslie Rooke, who was riding.

Engagements

ELIZABETH, only daughter of Sir Henry and Lady Aubrey-Fletcher, of Townhill, Chilton, Aylesbury, is due to be married in the Crypt Chapel, House of Commons, this month, to Algernon, son of Capt. Devaynes Smyth, of Westwood, Ascot.

ELIZABETH MOREEN, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Sturgis, of Bombay, is to marry at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton Road, on September 29, Alexander Patrick Spooner, son of the Rev. and Mrs. H. Spooner, of 18, Cope Place, Kensington. They honeymoon in Paris. Her fiancé works with the Hudson's Bay Co.

JEAN, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Dobell, of West Derby, Liverpool, is engaged to Richard Anthony, son of Sir Percy and Lady Hull, of Runfold, Surrey. Sir Percy was one time conductor of the Three Choirs Festivals.

SHEILA JOAN, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Scott, of 24, Inverleith Gardens, Edinburgh, is engaged to David Seymour, elder son of Sir Henry S. Collett, Bt., and Lady Collett, of The Knoll, Stone Road, Bromley, Kent.

PRISCILLA, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. F. M. B. Lutyens, of Posingford, Hartfield, Sussex, and niece of the late Sir Edwin Lutyens, will marry at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, in November, Richard, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. W. A. Chester Master, of Northcote, Cirencester.

SUSAN, younger daughter of Mr. B. E. Edmonds, of The Manor, Fairford, Gloucester, and of Mrs. Edmonds, The Round House, Lechlade, is to marry, in October, James, son of the late Mr. C. G. Kennaway, and of Lady Bell, Chapelbank, Auchterarder, Perthshire.

Personalities

ROLLY ROLLS, the celebrated French humorist at the piano, currently appearing in *Latin Quarter*, has just opened at the Savoy Restaurant in two weeks of cabaret. Good-looking M. Rolls, whose hair greys attractively at the temples, came to the Savoy a year ago. His act is esoteric; his personality scintillating.

LADY SLESSOR, grey-haired and gracious wife of Air Chief Marshal Sir John Slessor, is chairman of a ball, of which H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent is patron, to be held at Phyllis Court, Henley-on-Thames, this Friday (September 14). It is organised by the R.A.F. Aid to Greece Committee to raise funds for a Greek village destroyed in the war. There will be an R.A.F. Dance Orchestra and Cabaret.

MADAME HOLVOET, wife of M. Amaury Holvoet, Counsellor to the Belgian Embassy, lives in a charming flat in Eton Place. Their teen-age son is at Downside; three little daughters are at a convent school near Weybridge. M. Holvoet's father was for many years Governor of Antwerp.

SIR PELHAM WARNER plays a leading part in a scheme to help Jamaica after the recent devastating hurricane. A charity match may be played at Lord's next season to raise money. Meantime he hopes an M.C.C. fund will be opened. "Plum" Warner was born in the W. Indies; is Editor of *The Cricketer*.

MISS SARA NORENA STEWART-CLARK is the débutante daughter of Sir Stewart and Lady Stewart-Clark, of Dundas Castle, South Queensferry. During the Edinburgh Festival she has been helping her parents to entertain friends at Boraston House, Edinburgh. She is a fine reel dancer and plays tennis well.

Social

ROYAL, INFORMAL.

AUG. 21.

ROYAL, INFORMAL.

A picnic-party was one of the ways in which Princess Margaret's twenty-first birthday was celebrated. Here, her Majesty and her two daughters, kilted, brogued, walked along the road to Crathie during a picnic outing with friends. Behind the Queen is seen one of her Ladies-in-Waiting, Lady Jean Rankin. Group-Captain Peter Townsend, Deputy Master of the Household, is also seen to the right, behind. The King was out grouse-shooting with the Duke of Edinburgh, Lord Dalkeith and Mr. W. Wallace.

HENLEY HORSE SHOW.

WELLESLEY WESLEY—FLOOR.

AUG. 22.

HENLEY HORSE SHOW.

Left : *Found some nice horses, ponies, good riders at Henley-on-Thames Horse Show. In picture Mrs. A. Sumner, wife of President of the H.-on-T. Horse Show Club, presented the " Horse and Hounds " champion challenge cup for hacks to Miss Betty White, on Mr. R. Guion's Solitaire.*

AUG. 23.

WELLESLEY WESLEY—FLOOR.

At St. James's, Spanish Place, Mr. D. M. Wellesley Wesley, son of Capt. C. M. St. M. Wellesley Wesley, of Doon, Tahilla, Co. Kerry, and of Mrs. Wesley of Havering House, Milton Lilbourne, Wilts., married Miss Christiane Floor, daughter of Major and Mme. I. M. Floor, of Lullenden, East Grinstead.

AT YORK RACES.

AUG. 23.

AT YORK RACES.

One of the day's most popular wins was that of the Princess Royal's Limicola in the Galtres Stakes, ridden by Gordon Richards. The chestnut foal cropped grass while his Royal owner talked to the jockey, who also took the Gimcrack Stakes on Mr. R. Bell's Windy City from M. Boussac's Pharaos II.

Right : *Trainer Mr. Colling, Lord Manton and the Hon. George Watson.*

Diary

AUG. 23.

ADGEY-EDGAR—HIGGINS.

At St. Margaret's, Westminster, Mr. A. G. Adgey-Edgar, son of Capt. and Mrs. W. H. Adgey-Edgar, of Eastwater House, Bramley, Surrey, and Miss M. Higgins of 2, Belgrave Square, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Higgins, of Belgrave Mount, Wakefield, were married.

AUG. 24.

LAVANT HORSE SHOW.

Horsey babies at Lavant House near Chichester were expert. Here's Frances Walford running Angela Covell's Yankee Doodle Dandy for the judges.

ADGEY-EDGAR—HIGGINS.

LAVANT HORSE SHOW.

AUG. 24.

COMING-OF-AGE.

Happy pre-celebration shot taken in beautiful grounds of Scone Palace, of twenty-one-year-old Lord Stormont, son and heir of Lord Mansfield. His huge coming-of-age parties for tenants, friends and relations took place on Aug. 28 and 29. L. to r., the group includes: Lady Malvina Murray, Lord Mansfield, six-year-old Lady Mariota Murray, Lady Mansfield and Lord Stormont himself, besides various family dogs.

COMING-OF-AGE.

AUG. 25.

BOSHAM'S ADMIRAL.

At Chichester an old ceremony was revived after thirty-five years. The Admiral of Bosham Harbour, Mr. H. F. Blandford, was greeted by Lord Iveagh, Lord of the Manor of Bosham, and Lady Iveagh. Right of picture: Mr. F. G. Parham, Commander J. H. C. Minter, R.N. Occasion: Bosham Sailing Club regatta during Chichester Harbour's Festival Week.

AUG. 25.

AT KILRAVOCK.

Clan Rose held Festival clan gathering at historic Kilravock Castle, Nairnshire, under chief Miss Elizabeth Rose of Kilravock, who was preceded by piper of The Black Watch and standard-bearer Charles Hugh Rose. Clan Rose settled in Nairn district in twelfth century.

BOSHAM'S ADMIRAL.

AT KILRAVOCK.

Social

IKERRIN—CONSTABLE MAXWELL WEDDING.

AUG. 25.

IKERRIN—CONSTABLE MAXWELL WEDDING.

To the wedding of Miss Belinda Constable Maxwell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Constable Maxwell of Bosworth Hall, near Rugby. She married Lord Ikerrin, only son of Lord Carrick and of Lady Chesham, in the private chapel attached to her father's home. Ceremony was delightful and intimate, with about 300 guests present. The bride is nineteen, and her groom celebrated his twentieth birthday at his fiancée's home last month. They sailed afterwards in the Queen Mary for Lord Carrick's American home at Pinehurst, North Carolina, to spend their honeymoon there; where the bride met her father-in-law for the first time. Later the couple are making for Karachi, where Lord Ikerrin will represent the London firm of cotton brokers for which he works.

In the pictures. Top left: *Two guests, Lord Boyle, son of Lord Shannon, and Mr. Alec Johnston.* Right: *The Hon. Thomas and Mrs. Hazlerigg with Mr. R. W. B. Newton viewed—among other presents—beautiful sets of china.*

Centre, left: *The bride and groom cut the wedding-cake, watched breathlessly by two small bridesmaids. The new Lady Ikerrin looked quite lovely in her white brocade gown, lace veil and small tiara of diamonds and pearls.* Right: *A newly-engaged pair among the guests were Miss U. N. Nepean-Gubbins and Mr. A. H. Parker.*

Below, left: *Mr. and Mrs. Michael Radcliffe. He was best man.* Right: *Bridesmaids tried to make friends with golden cocker spaniel Sally. L. to r.: Penelope Verney Cave, granddaughter of Lord Braye; Jeanette Constable Maxwell, a cousin of the bride; Christina Greenwood, another cousin; Marcia Constable Maxwell, the bride's sister; Miss Georgina Butler, daughter of the Hon. Somerset Butler, who's twin brother of Lord Carrick.*

Diary

AUG. 27.

AIR-BORNE CANASTA.

Expert players got down to it with concentration when they went on the air with the opening of International Canasta tournament, Britain v. U.S.A. Somewhat complicated system of broadcast was devised. L. to r. round the table are: Colin Harding (Britain); Mrs. Andre Lord, leading U.S. Canasta player and the game's pioneer in the States; Terence Reese, international card-player; and John R. Crawford, member of American World Championship bridge team. Americans belong to New York's Regency Club, and English players are members of London's Crockford's.

AIR-BORNE CANASTA.

AUG. 28.

COMING-OUT.

Ball for Miss Marigold Broadhurst, daughter of Major and Mrs. W. R. Broadhurst, of Clathick, near Crieff, Perthshire, was held at Errol Park, home of Major and Mrs. R. O. Heriot-Maitland. In the picture, taken during reception, is the débutante, with father and mother and brother Michael.

AUG. 29.

LUMINOUS SCULPTURE.

Trip to Mayfair studio of Czech-born, Australian-naturalised Arthur Fleischmann to see his "Perspex" statue symbolising Light, commissioned from him for Holland. Wonderful lucent medium—this huge transparent block. Finished, illuminated, it will stand over an electric-light bulb in Amsterdam factory.

COMING-OUT.

LUMINOUS SCULPTURE.

AUG. 30.

"ROYAL" WEDDING.

Mr. John Clunies Ross, uncrowned "king" of the Cocos Islands, married Miss Daphne Parkinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Parkinson, of Palace House, Burnley, at All Saints, Fulham. Clunie Ross family have ruled these Indian Ocean isles since the groom's great-grandfather settled there in 1827.

SEPT. 1.

STOPFORD — PAGE WEDDING.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, Lieut.-Commander the Hon. Terence Stopford, R.N., son of Lord and Lady Courtown, of The Old House, Aylesbury, married Miss Sheila Page, daughter of Mrs. Henry Mason, and stepdaughter of Capt. H. C. Mason, of Firlands, Weybridge.

"ROYAL" WEDDING.

STOPFORD — PAGE WEDDING.

The wedding-day photograph of Willie Greene (Robert Donat) and his first wife Helena, a young Swiss girl (Maria Schell). He was then a photographer's assistant in Bristol.

"THE MAGIC BOX" MAKES FILM HISTORY

For the first time in history a film has been made on behalf of the whole British film industry, and it is fitting that their co-operative effort, *The Magic Box*, should be based on the life of the British cinematograph inventor William Friese-Greene. One of the last big events of the Festival season will be its première–at the Odeon, Leicester Square, next Tuesday (September 18).

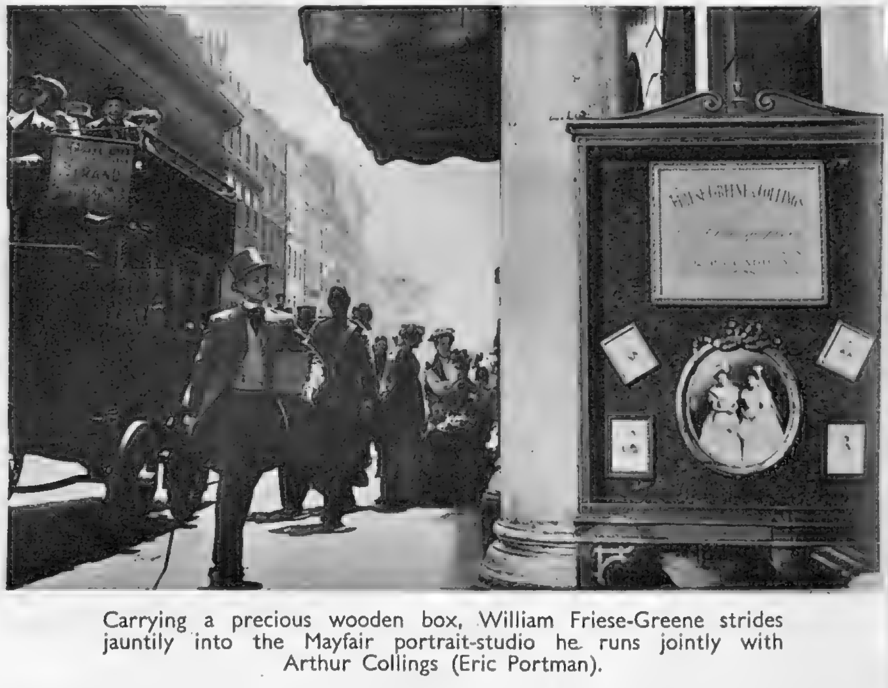
In March this year, the Queen and Princess Margaret spent half a day at the studios while shooting was in progress. Later they saw twenty minutes of rough cut film and, by request, the two-minute sequence in which Sir Laurence Olivier appears as a policeman.

A duplicate copy of this Technicolor film is to be sent up to Balmoral, where the Royal family is now staying, so that they will be able to see it simultaneously with the London release.

Willie—now professionally William Friese-Greene of Mayfair—shows the new idea of perforating the film to his receptionist, Miss Tagg (Renée Asherson), at his photographic salon.

Willie (Robert Donat) is anxious to be off to his laboratory to develop a film, but hesitates to leave his wife (Maria Schell) and his small daughter (Janette Scott).

Instrument-maker John Roebuck Rudge (Cecil Trouncer) and Willie Greene try out their joint invention, the bio-phantascope, a machine that preceded the ciné-camera by a few years.



Carrying a precious wooden box, William Friese-Greene strides jauntily into the Mayfair portrait-studio he runs jointly with Arthur Collings (Eric Portman).

In the early hours of the morning, William Friese-Greene grabs a policeman from his beat to witness the very first showing of a movie film. P.C. 94B (Sir Laurence Olivier) is dumbfounded.

Two slick company promoters (Roland Culver and Garry Marsh) exchange winks as William Freise-Greene signs papers that give them control of his patents and lose him a fortune.

Now sick and ageing, William Friese-Greene walks along the street towards a London hotel where his second wife Edith (Margaret Johnston) is working as manageress.

Sir Duff Cooper, Mrs. Churchill and Mr. Churchill all attended the showing of the British film *No Resting Place* at the Venice Film Festival. Made by members of Dublin's Abbey and Gate Theatre companies, with stars Michael Gough and Noel Purcell, it had a very good reception. Music and photography were voted excellent. It is due in England very shortly.

Also at Venice Film Festival and chatting with animation in the foyer were Ireland's Countess Iolanda Grace Taafe and Italian tycoon Ferdinando Gazzoni of Bologna.

And Hollywood's Gene Tierney met French film-director René Clair in the theatre while waiting the start of the showing of the French Technicolor production of *The River*, director, Jean Renoir. Based on Rumer Godden's book of the same name, it was made in India; has for stars Esmond Knight and Nora Swinburne.

AT THE VENICE FESTIVAL

The Venice Festival excelled itself in artistic brilliance this year, with its Tiepolo and other exhibitions, its opening of the Palazzo Grassi with an exhibition of *Costume through the Ages*, and the wonderful costume ball given by Spanish-Mexican millionaire M. de Beistegui, which was attended by the élite of every country. These pictures show some distinguished spectators at the Film Festival, which is a criterion of the taste of many lands.

Left : In organza with embroidered, heavy duchesse satin bodice. Lady in Black model. About 24 guineas from Meda Sports, Bond Street. Fenwicks, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

by

Ann Murray

EVENING

BLACK AGAIN AND BLACK WITH WHITE

Right : Black wool jersey sheath-fitting dinner gown by Roecliffe and Chapman ; bead-encrusted neckline, three-quarter sleeves and split skirt. From D. H. Evans, at 29 gns.

Left: Susan Small's black and white grosgrain and velvet evening dress with dramatic black velvet fringed stole. About £15 from Jay's, London. Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh.

Autumn Trends

- THE DOUBLE CHIGNON
- THE CURLED CHIGNON
- THE 'WIDE-LOOK'
- CURLS HIGH OR LOW TO NECK

1

3

4

7

2

5

6

8

FORECAST for autumn hair-styles

1. *Steiner* sponsors the "twin bun" chignon. One is worn crown-high, the other, mounted with a velvet bow, falls low to shoulder. The short front hair is dressed in a brow quiff.

2. Showing the same style (without chignon) effectively balanced for evening, *Steiner* adds an ultra-lush rose, placed to give width to the coiffure.

3. *Antoine*, for daytime, brings the hair forward from a V-shaped parting into curved wings on the forehead. For evening he likes the idea of adding a cluster of jewels to the large rolled curls at the nape of the neck.

4. *French* favours the "wide-look" and dresses medium-length hair back into a gentle wave movement at the temples. A charming, simple style with no parting, the back view gives way to little half-curls in the nape of the neck.

5. *René* shows Genine Graham's hair, six inches long at back, swept up and finishing in semi-sculptured curls; the front hair is softened by making full use of the natural hair line.

6. *Truefitt Hill* sticks to the short, sleek hair style and gives it a curled lift to the front. The back brushes upward in an Edwardian movement.

7. *Riché* concentrates on a shining crown and dresses the back hair in tiny curls low to the neck in a short version of the page-boy style.

8. *Vasco* favours the curled chignon. The hair drawn back and softly waved away from the face is set into tiny curls, chignon shape. (For evening parties, diamanté clips running down either side of the line of curls make an effective decoration.)

by Ann Murray

The Bachelor, adapted from Turgenev's play by Miles Malleson, provided a lethargic evening's television. Here Moshikin (Miles Malleson) is having a somewhat lengthy get-together with his ward, Masha (Sheila Shand-Gibbs).

In *Caribbean Cabaret* the music was provided by a "Steel Band," an astonishing conglomeration of instruments made out of old oil-drums each tuned carefully by hammering the metal to varying thicknesses.

Claudia, by Rose Franken, represented producer Eric Fawcett in a simple mood. He handled the play quietly and sympathetically. Here are Ann Walford and Patrick Barr in a marital quibble over the household accounts.

TELEVISION

by CYRIL BUTCHER

WE feel a certain doubt about our popularity with any reader who took our advice, last issue, to visit the vast viewing room at the Earls Court Radio Show, where all British makes of television sets could be seen working side by side. The idea was to help the intending purchaser to make up his mind about which set out of the wide range of choice to decide upon. We felt duty bound to make the experiment ourselves, and entered the 250-ft. Television Avenue armed with pencil, paper and the best intentions of making fair criticisms and comparisons. There they all were, the television sets—one had the impression of hundreds of them—all merrily churning out the Children's Programme. We began to feel slightly dizzy at the thought of having to choose between them, as they all were showing very high-standard pictures. Halfway along the Avenue we were feeling *very* dizzy and, by the time we had reached the end of the longest 250 ft. ever, we were staggering, glutted with television sets and vowing never to look another one in the screen. If we caused any reader a similar malaise, we apologise. It seemed a good idea on the face of it, but in effect it only confused.

However, one or two lessons were learnt. One is that there is no such thing as a bad television receiver any more (presuming efficient installation and fair treatment), and that the purchaser may with safety allow his purse to dictate the choice. The second is that the 12-in. screen seems to be the most popular. For the average-size room it is certainly quite large enough and, personally, we 're not crazy about the 15-in. and the even larger screens of the projection models—unless you are catering for an audience larger than the average household. We still have a sneaking fondness for the 9-in. tube, even though it may be going out of fashion. It has a compactness and a translucency that the bigger ones seem to lack, and from a range of about 5 ft., with four to six people viewing, there is nothing wrong with the size of the picture. The third thing we learnt was that the projection receiver leaves us cold. And cold is the operative word, for the flat screen—which loses in brightness if viewed from any other height than eye-level—seems to take out of television its important feature: intimacy. It 's like watching a programme on a home cinema.

It is some months since we discussed "spot-wobble"—or, more technically, "line broadening," in this feature, and mentioned that manufacturers could incorporate this comparatively simple device to eliminate the lines which cross the average television picture, at little trouble and cost. So far, we have heard of only two who have done so: Ekco and Valradio. But the innovation made headlines. "Spot-wobble" is an apt term, for by means of two coils on the neck of the cathode-ray tube and a simple circuit, the scanning spot is given a slight up-and-down movement as it travels across the screen. This movement is so rapid as to be imperceptible to the eye, yet it has the effect of filling in the gaps between the lines, without appreciably dulling the sharpness of the picture.

Maybe we are getting spoilt, but we long for something exciting to come from Ally Pally. For weeks now we have been watching the not-bad, the indifferent and the awful. Take Miles Malleson's adaptation of Turgenev's *The Bachelor*, translated and produced by Tatiana Lieven, starring Mr. Malleson. All quite pleasantly done, but the one plain fact that emerges is that Russian types are a crashing bore to nearly everyone except themselves. And a play peopled by bores hardly makes for excitement.

The folk in *Whiteoaks*, a play from the novels of Mazo de la Roche, are not much better. Take an old lady of over a hundred years of age, give her a large family, all hungrily waiting for her to die and leave her money to one of them, and you have a play with a wonderful acting part for the centenarian, supported by a crew of howling monsters. And you don't give a hoot what happens to any one of them or the wretched money. Nancy Price has played Grannie a great many times on the stage, so it was only natural that on television her performance was marred by theatricality. It was fine, no doubt, but it did not pull the heart-strings like some of her previous ones. Shall we ever forget her in *Thérèse Raquin*?

Claudia, by Rose Franken, was more humanly interesting, even though it does not contain sufficient action for television. Ann Walford as the neurotic Claudia, her second TV part, is proving herself a real find, and Patrick Barr, playing her long-suffering husband, has now firmly established himself among the medium's stars.

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★ AT THE CINEMA ★

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THERE is an end-of-season feeling about the new films in London just now, and one can't resist the impression that the theatre-managers themselves won't be *terribly* surprised if we don't flock to see them. The two most satisfactory come from the Continent, but even they could scarcely be called important works; it is not very likely that either of them, come Christmastime, will figure in a list of the year's Ten Best Pictures.

There is Fernandel, in a film called *Meurtres*, with the comedian playing "straight" for once, and doing it extremely well. *Meurtres* will not be everybody's fancy, for the subject, up to the last fifteen minutes, is extremely grim. A farmer's wife is dying of an incurable disease. She begs her husband, who has never refused her anything, to kill her, and because he can't bear to watch her suffering, he does. Being a simple, honest fellow, he then goes to the police, but his two elder brothers and their wives, scandalised at the disgrace that will fall upon the family, manage to get the affair hushed up without a trial, have him certified as insane, and packed off to an asylum for the rest of his life. Up to this point, as you can see, it is far from being a cheerful picture, and I doubt if it would be endurable were it not for the growing hope that the wretched man will get out of the asylum, somehow, and put his deplorable relatives in their place.

This is precisely what happens, and the last part of *Meurtres* is as jolly as the rest is sad. Perhaps "jolly" may not seem precisely the right word to describe a comic passage so heavily charged with social irony. But if anybody claims not to have enjoyed—nay, more, downright revelled in—the sight of Fernandel getting the best of his horrid brothers, I maintain he is either a *poseur* or a saint.

Meurtres has the benefit of dialogue that can be both sharp and amazingly human, and the Fernandel performance is exact, both in the fumbling honesty of the earlier scenes, and the later study of a simple man grown subtle. We have always known Fernandel as a great droll; it is pleasant now to salute him as a fine, serious actor. But the question remains. Why, with these advantages, is *Meurtres* just not a distinguished picture?

The answer, I think, is that Richard Pottier's direction is only so-so. It appears ill at ease with more than two or three characters on a set; it droops during connecting passages; it seems to be continually waiting for some actor or situation to give it a lead. Heaven preserve us from a director who tries to stamp his trade-mark all over a film, but do let's have a man who can look at his players and his script, discover what they have to give, decide what he means to get, within his limits—and get it. *That* is direction, or production, or whatever you choose to call the art of educing quality from material and welding it into a whole. It's a rare quality, but no show really comes off without it.

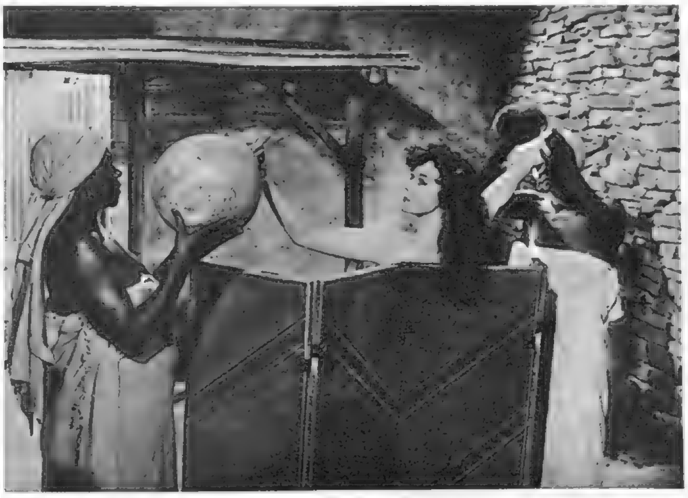
I'm inclined to think that Mario Soldati, who directed *Fugia in Francia* ("Flight Into France"), has a distinct touch of it. His film tells the story of a brutal Italian war-criminal, who falls in with a party of ex-soldiers while trying to escape over the snowy mountains to the frontier. As soon as they recognise him, their natural desire is to shoot him out of hand. But they can't bring themselves to do so in front of his small son, who is tagging along with him. They decide to take him down to the border village for trial, but he breaks loose. So the chase begins, and I must say that at those altitudes, with all that snow about, it's a remarkably spectacular one.

Flight Into France is a good film, but not great. The cast, headed by one or two extremely competent professionals, is largely recruited from native types whom Soldati encountered along his route. Their performance is a matter of natural *behaviour*, rather than of acting in any strict sense. There is a tendency, in the tradition of the Russian pictures, to over-simplify, and the director is too apt to resort to the old Soviet tricks of shooting a capitalist from a low angle, showing all his double chins, and photographing a worker from above or on the level, looking straight into his candid eyes. But if his methods are a bit obvious, it is clear that he knows the *effect* that he wants to create; and to desire an effect passionately, and work towards it with every device you've got, is at least one half of good direction.

Over-simplification, too, is the main trouble with the American film, *Decision Before Dawn*, which is set in Germany during the final stages of the war, and deals with the use of hand-picked German prisoners-of-war as spies for the Allies. The picture seems to be fumbling towards something subtler than a simple war adventure story and would appear to be trying to answer the question: "What kind of man is the man we call a traitor?" It earns credit for the attempt, but not much so for the execution. It has always been hard for Hollywood to get under the skin of another nation's character, and all through *Decision Before Dawn* one is acutely conscious of an attitude of mind sprung from the new world and not the old one. The result is that these Germans, whether good or bad (and most of them are stupid), are never very convincing, and it doesn't help at all that the vast majority of the cast delivers the English dialogue with a German accent. Rather it is a hindrance, for I don't suppose one picturegoer out of ten in this country will be able to follow all the cast is saying. Since the film, in any case, deals with Germans as the Americans think they are, it might have been wiser to stick to the familiar accents of America and avoid strain.

The chase between German and American ideology is marked, too, in the film called *People Will Talk*, which Hollywood has adapted from the German play *Dr. Praetorius*. The play was an odd one, and never very comfortable—a fantastic mixture of comedy, romance, mystery, sincerity and starkly candid medical detail—but there was method in its madness. *People Will Talk* topples over dangerously in the direction of madness without method. It tries to stick together, with rich Hollywood syrup, a lot of little bits of story about a doctor who is required by the faculty of his medical college to clear himself of charges of quackery, at the same time as he is conducting a student orchestra, seeing his remarkably naïve young wife through pregnancy by another man, and protecting the interests of a half-dumb servant who is supposed to be dead by hanging.

Inasmuch as one man can weave his way through such a tangle, Cary Grant, as the doctor, does so, and I thought he got nearer to sincere acting in this hotch-potch than he has done in many a clearer picture. Nevertheless, the work defeats him, just as it has defeated the Hollywood translators. There are one or two really touching moments in *People Will Talk*—notably a scene in which the doctor talks comfortingly about death to an old woman in a hospital ward—but on the whole it reeks of unassimilated translation; an attempt to render the ideas and phrases of one country into an idiom for which they were not born.



PREVIEW:

David and Bathsheba is the latest Technicolor picture to come from 20th Century-Fox studios. You will find the inspiration for the film in Samuel, Chapters 11 and 12, and from Psalm 23. The production, by Darryl F. Zanuck, is stated to be a sincere interpretation of the Biblical tale. Gregory Peck (left) gives a brilliant performance as King David. Early in the piece he slays Goliath; later he makes love to and marries Bathsheba, the beautiful wife of his loyal Captain (Kieron Moore), who dies for his king on the battlefield. Bathsheba is played with passion by Susan Hayward (centre). Raymond Massey, clothed in sackcloth and supported by his staff, takes the part of the fiery-eyed Prophet Nathan (right). *David and Bathsheba* is due to open at the Leicester Square Odeon on November 1.

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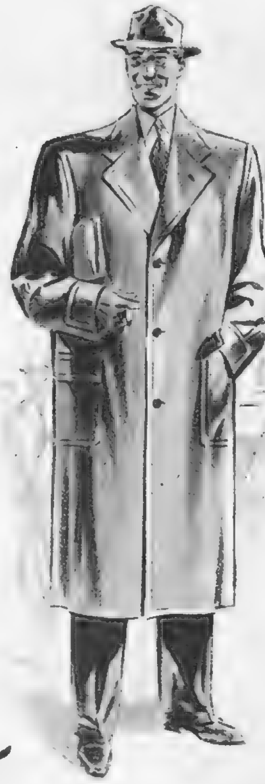

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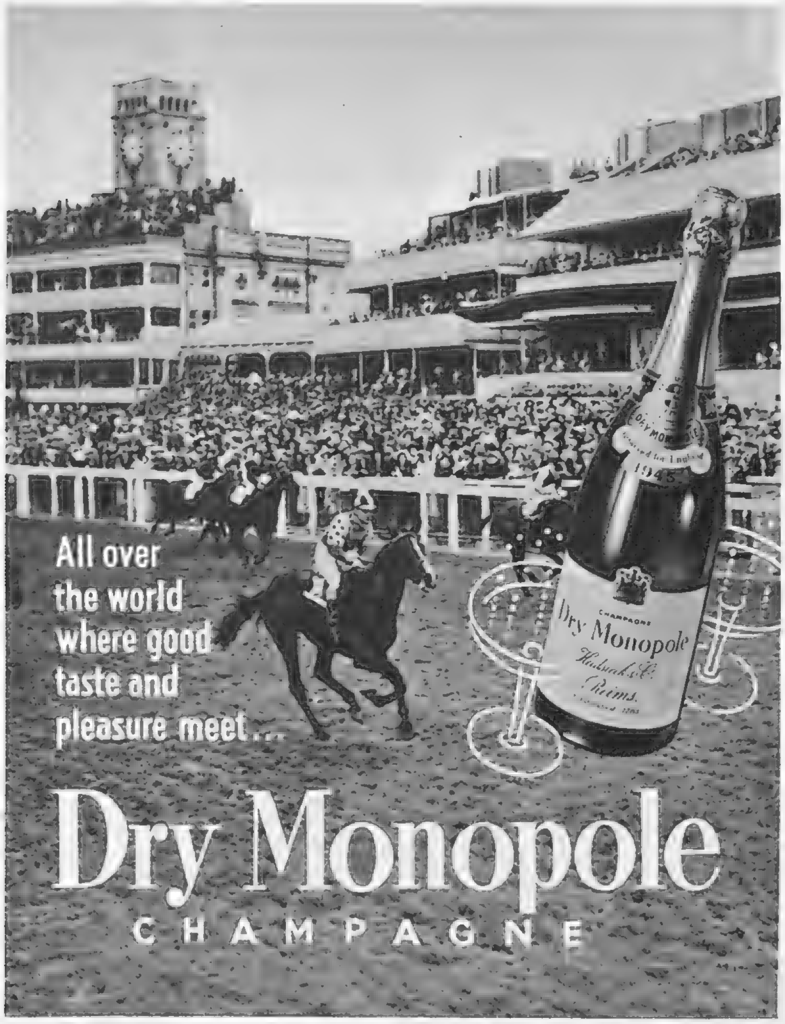

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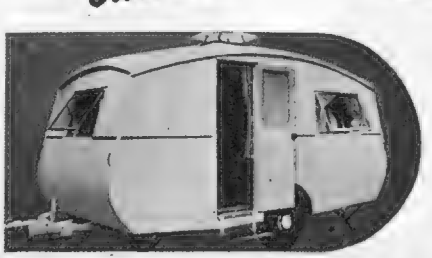

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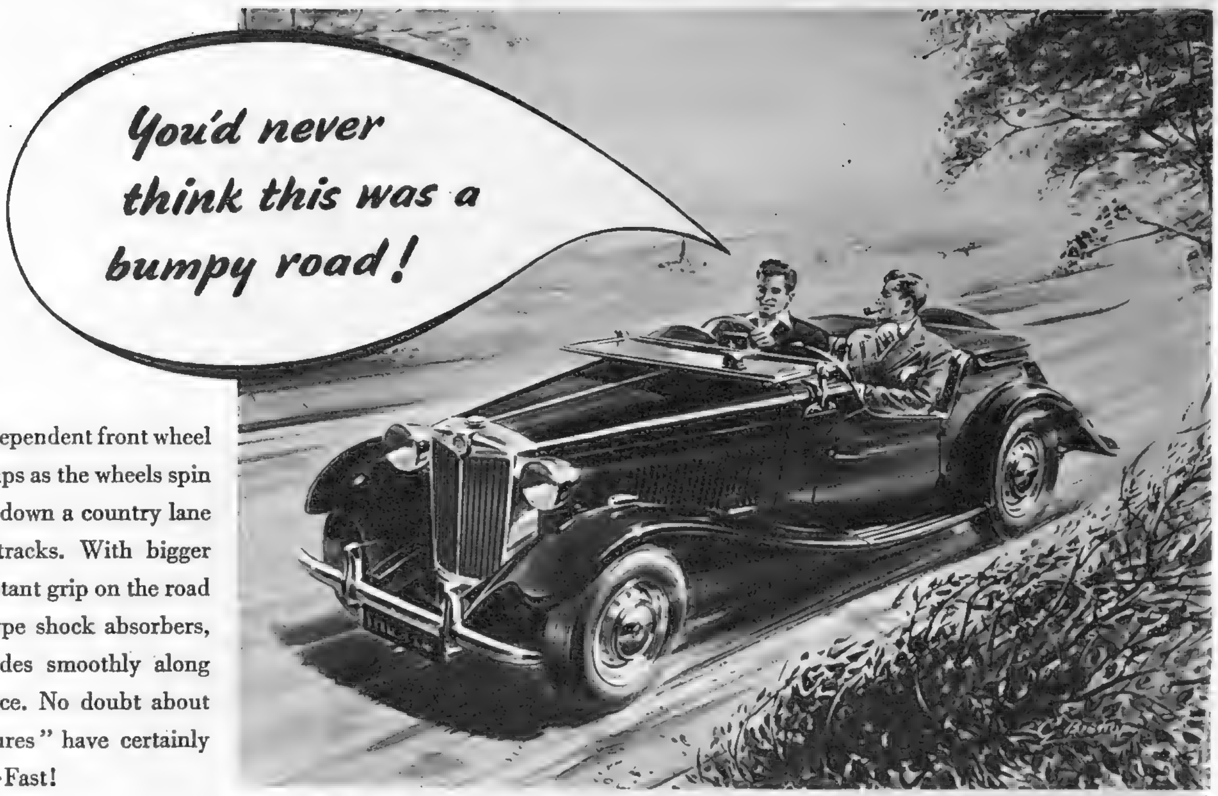

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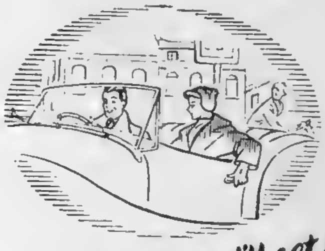

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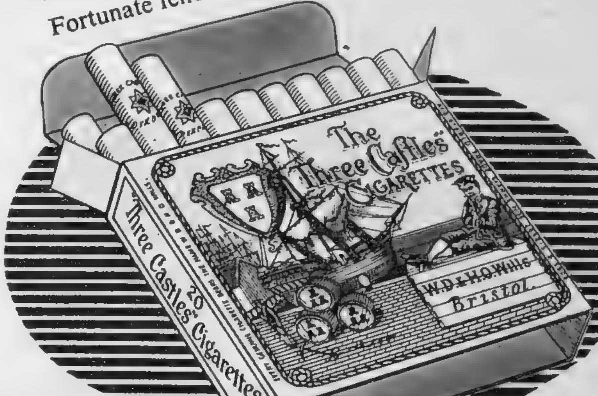

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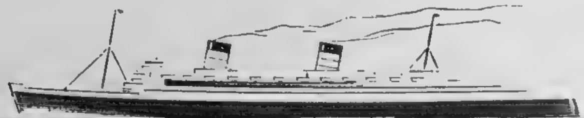

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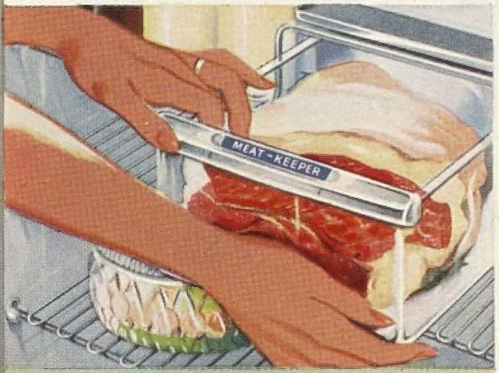
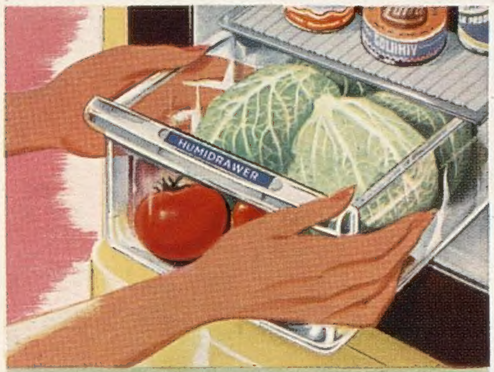
Big Freezer Locker has ample storage space for frozen foods. Fitted with two ice cube trays and one large dessert tray.

Patent Snap-Release loosens ice cubes instantly. New de-frosting method — no dripping water.

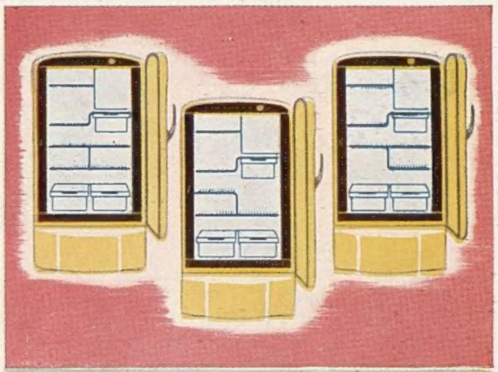
Dial Control has a wide range of settings between "coldest" and "off". Settings remain *absolutely constant* irrespective of outside temperature.



Big, clear-view Meat-Keeper drawer keeps meat or fish perfectly fresh at correct temperature and humidity.



Wide, deep, clear-view Humidrawers will keep a large supply of vegetables crisp and dewy-fresh.



Centre shelves are fully adjustable and can be arranged in several ways to suit your needs. All shelves are readily detachable for easy cleaning.

Here is the refrigerator that really has everything that women have ever asked for in refrigerator improvements. Packed with new ideas—exclusive features—and, most important of all, giving most storage capacity for the smallest possible outside dimensions. Everything is right — including the remarkably low price, and the 5-year guarantee on the sealed, silent-running refrigerating unit. Write now for fully descriptive folder and address of your nearest dealer to: The ENGLISH ELECTRIC Company Limited, (DAS. 223), Queens House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

CAPACITY 7·6 cu. ft.

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Never perhaps has any car created such a spontaneous world-wide impression as this gracious, spacious and powerful Jaguar Mark VII Saloon. Its XK120 engine has long been the wonder of the motoring world—by its record-breaking performances in the Jaguar Sports Model which has won so many international victories. Capable of speeds in excess of 100 m.p.h. with noiseless, effortless ease, the Mark VII is yet serenely docile in the slowest city traffic. Its stately interior abounds in roominess and comfort, and its exceptional luggage space will house four large suitcases and four big golf bags as well as smaller items. Its all-round visibility, finger light but positive steering, extra powerful, vacuum servo-assisted brakes and superb suspension all combine to make this magnificent saloon the smoothest, surest and safest car you have ever known—the finest car of its class in the world.

The Mark VII

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Powered by the famous XK120 engine

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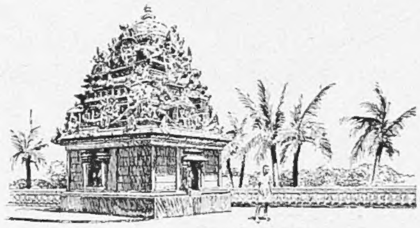

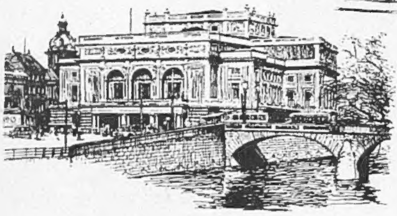

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